SUPERMAN
No. 92
A 52 - PAGE MAGAZINE
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
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TEN CENTS
SUPERMAN
MEN
AT WORK

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A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

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ACTION COMICS, No. 92—Jan., 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.50 including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

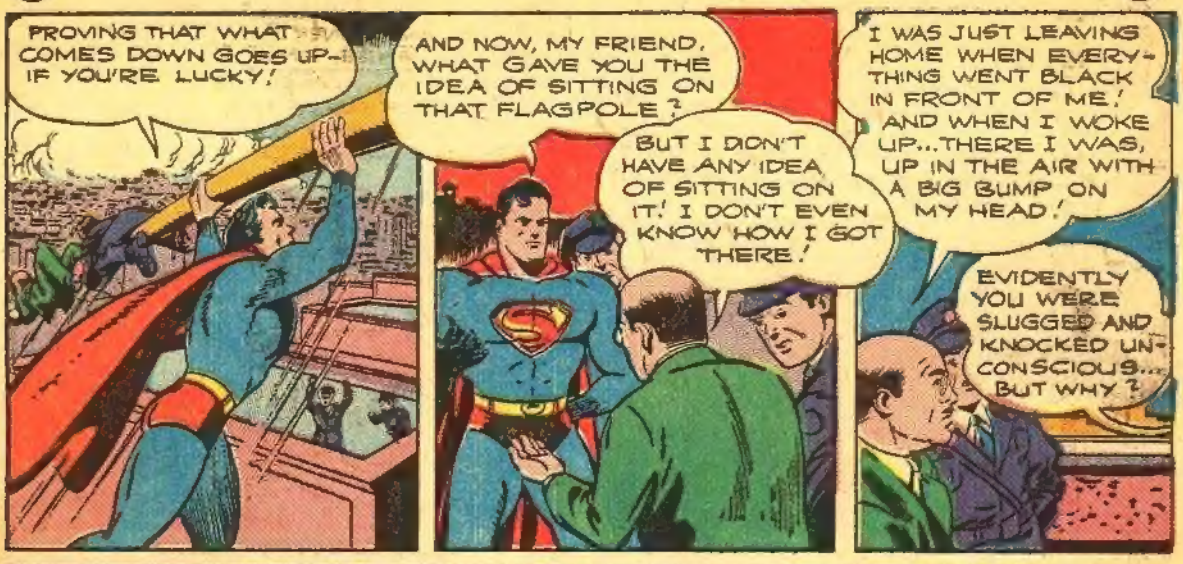
Printed in U.S.A.

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
SUPERPOWERFUL, SUPERSPEEDY, POSSESSED OF SUPERKEEN SENSES... SUPERMAN IS SUPER-DIFFERENT FROM THE UGUAL INDIVIDUAL! BUT ONE TRAIT HE SHARES WITH THE MOST ORDINARY AMERICAN ... A DESIRE FOR FAIR PLAY! SO THAT WHEN SOME UNUSUALLY OUTRAGEOUS SKULLDUGGERY STACKS THE CARDS FOR CRIME, IT'S UP TO THE MAN OF TOMORROW TO ROUT A RINGER AND HELP THE JUDGES CHOOSE THE WINNER IN A CONTEST FOR... "THE AVERAGE AMERICAN!"

AT THE DAILY PLANET CLARK KENT FINDS AN EDITOR IMMERSED IN GLOOM!
WHAT'S WRONG, MR. WHITE? I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WAS RUNNING SMOOTHLY!
EVERYTHING BUT THE SALE OF PAPERS, CLARK! CIRCULATION'S SLIPPING, AND WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
WHY NOT RUN A CONTEST OF SOME SORT? THAT SHOULD HELP SALES!
YES, A CONTEST! BUT A CONTEST THAT HAS SOME MEANING— A CONTEST, FOR EXAMPLE, TO DETERMINE THE IDEAL AVERAGE AMERICAN—
YOU'VE GOT IT, CLARK... EVERYBODY, NO MATTER HOW IMPORTANT OR UNIMPORTANT, LIKES TO THINK OF HIMSELF AS AN "AVERAGE AMERICAN"— WE'LL START ON IT RIGHT AWAY!
AND SO, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
GOSH! I AIN'T RICH, I AIN'T POOR, I AIN'T HAPPY, I AIN'T UNHAPPY... LOOKS LIKE A PERSONAL INVITATION TO ME!
MEN AT WORK
HMMM! I MAY BE PRESIDENT OF A BANK, BUT I HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT SINCE I USED TO EARN TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK! THINK I'LL ENTER!
I'VE HELD THIS JOB FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND NEVER DONE A SINGLE THING THAT WAS UNUSUAL! I'M GOING TO TRY FOR THAT MONEY!
DAILY PLANET
AVERAGE AMERICAN SOUGHT HERE
2

EVEN IN THE HANGOUT OF HAMMERHEAD HAINES, CLARK'S IDEA EXCITES INTEREST! AS NORMIE NORMAN ENTERS...
HELLO, HAMMERHEAD. DID YOU SEE THE PLANET?
NAH! I KIN LOIN WHO GOT BUMPED OFF WIDOUT READIN' DA PAPERS!
NOBODY WAS BUMPED OFF! IT'S JUST THAT WE HAVE A CHANCE TO EARN SOME EASY MONEY!
HMM, TEN GRAND! BUT THERE'S GOIN' TO BE A LOT OF COMPETITION!
NOT SO MUCH, HAMMERHEAD! FEW PEOPLE LOOK AS AVERAGE AS I DO... AND FEWER STILL HAVE AS AVERAGE A HISTORY! I THINK I STAND A GOOD CHANCE!
AND SEEING AS THE POLICE HAVE NEVER SPOTTED ME, I'M GOING TO ENTER! THAT TEN THOUSAND IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
ENTRIES FLOOD THE PLANET OFFICE! AND SOME DAYS LATER, AFTER ELIMINATIONS HAVE TAKEN PLACE...
AH, HERE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE REACHED THE FINAL ROUND! THE JUDGES WILL HAVE A DIFFICULT TIME CHOOSING FROM AMONG THEM!
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...
WHAT...?? MY OWN NAME'S HERE... AND I NEVER ENTERED! I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO WIN THE PRIZE MYSELF!
I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYBODY WHO'D HAVE SENT MY NAME IN, EXCEPT LOIS! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH THAT GIRL!
3

BUT AS THE RUFFLED REPORTER PASSES NEAR THE EDITOR'S DESK...
CLARK, HURRY OVER TO JAMES AND CHESTNUT STREETS! THERE'S A MAN SITTING ON A FLAG-POLE AND HE MAY FALL ANY MINUTE!
WHAT..? SURE, MR. WHITE... I'LL GO RIGHT OVER!
PLANET
LLIES INVAD
NY TODAY
PRESENTLY, AS CLARK PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH A TENSE, EXCITED CROWD...
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT MAN DOING UP THERE? HE SEEMS TOO SCARED TO HAVE DONE IT OF HIS OWN ACCORD!
SCARED IS NO WORD FOR IT! ATOP THE SLENDER SWAYING FLAGPOLE, BANKER HOMER JORDAN SHIVERS, ALMOST SPEECHLESS WITH FRIGHT!
IF YOU COULD CLIMB UP, YOU CAN CLIMB DOWN! SNAP INTO IT!
B-BUT I-I C-CAN'T... I'M T-TIED IN P-PLACE! AND I D-DON'T KN-NOW H-HOW I-I G-GOT H-HERE!
THAT GUY'LL NEVER COME DOWN IF WE WAIT FOR HIM! I'M GOING UP TO GET HIM!
OKAY, MASON! BUT BE CAREFUL!
SLOWLY THE POLICEMAN BEGINS THE DIFFICULT CLIMB! AND THEN...
EEEEHHH! W-WE'RE F-FALLING!
4
BUT IN THE CROWD FAR BELOW, AS ALL OTHER EYES GAZE UPWARD IN HORROR, A SWIFT TRANS-FORMATION IS TAKING PLACE...
THEY'LL BOTH BE KILLED!
(-NOT IF SUPERMAN CAN HELP IT! FORTUNATELY EVERYONE IS TOO BUSY STAR-ING AT THEM TO PAY ATTEN-TION TO ME!--)
AS THE TWO APPAR-ENTLY DOOMED MEN PLUNGE DOWNWARD, THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW STREAKS UPWARD!
OHHH! I'M DEAD! I'M SURE I'M DEAD!
SUPERMAN!
IN PERSON, OFFICER!


PROVING THAT WHAT COMES DOWN GOES UP—IF YOU'RE LUCKY!
AND NOW, MY FRIEND, WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA OF SITTING ON THAT FLAGPOLE?
BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA OF SITTING ON IT! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW I GOT THERE!
I WAS JUST LEAVING HOME WHEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK IN FRONT OF ME! AND WHEN I WOKE UP...THERE I WAS, UP IN THE AIR WITH A BIG BUMP ON MY HEAD!
EVIDENTLY YOU WERE SLUGGED AND KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS... BUT WHY?

I HAVENT ANY IDEA! I NEVER THOUGHT I HAD ANY ENEMIES, BUT OF COURSE, IF YOU WANT TO INVESTIGATE, I'LL GIVE YOU MY NAME, AND YOU CAN CHECK UP! I'M HOMER JORDAN...
HMMM! WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT NAME BEFORE?
("—I'VE GOT IT... IT WAS IN THAT LIST OF FINALISTS IN THE AVERAGE AMERICAN CONTEST, RATHER A STRANGE COINCIDENCE!—")
AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW PONDERS, HIS SUPERKEEN HEARING PICKS UP SOME SURPRISING SOUNDS!
A POLICE WHISTLE, AND THE SOUND OF A SHOT! THINGS ARE CERTAINLY HAPPENING FAST TODAY! I'D BETTER GO SEE!
WHEEEEEE!
BANG!
STOP!

NEAR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY!
STOP, OR THIS TIME I WON'T SHOOT INTO THE AIR!
THAT LITTLE MAN SEEMS TO HAVE NO INTENTION OF STOPPING! I THINK MY HELP WILL COME IN HANDY!
5

AS LEAD SLUGS SING THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD THE FLEEING MAN . . .
SUPERMAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE HELPING A CROOK!
I WANT HIM UNHURT FOR QUESTIONING, OFFICER! I'LL SEE THAT HE DOESN'T GET AWAY!
BANG!
BUT AS THE MAN OF STEEL DELAYS TO REASSURE THE OFFICER . . .
LOOK, SUPERMAN! HE'S GETTING INTO THAT TROLLEY CAR!
AND HE MAY TRY TO PULL THE OLD TRICK OF GETTING OUT AT ONCE THROUGH THE OTHER ENTRANCE WHILE WE PURSUE THE CAR!
BUT THERE'S A WAY TO PREVENT THAT! HE HASN'T HAD TIME TO LEAVE YET!
YOU CAN ENTER THE TROLLEY YOURSELF, AND TAKE YOUR TIME SEARCHING FOR HIM!
ALL RIGHT, FRIEND, THE GAME'S UP! WHY DID YOU STEAL THIS SHAKESPEARE FIRST EDITION?
I DIDN'T REALLY WANT IT, SUPERMAN! BUT SOME MEN WEARING MASKS CAME TO ME, AND SAID THEY'D BUMP ME OFF UNLESS I STOLE IT!
I CAN PROVE I'M NOT A PROFESSIONAL CROOK! MY EMPLOYER WILL TELL YOU THAT THERE ISN'T A MORE HONEST MAN THAN VIRGIL CHUMLEY!
WHAT..? VIRGIL CHUMLEY?
6

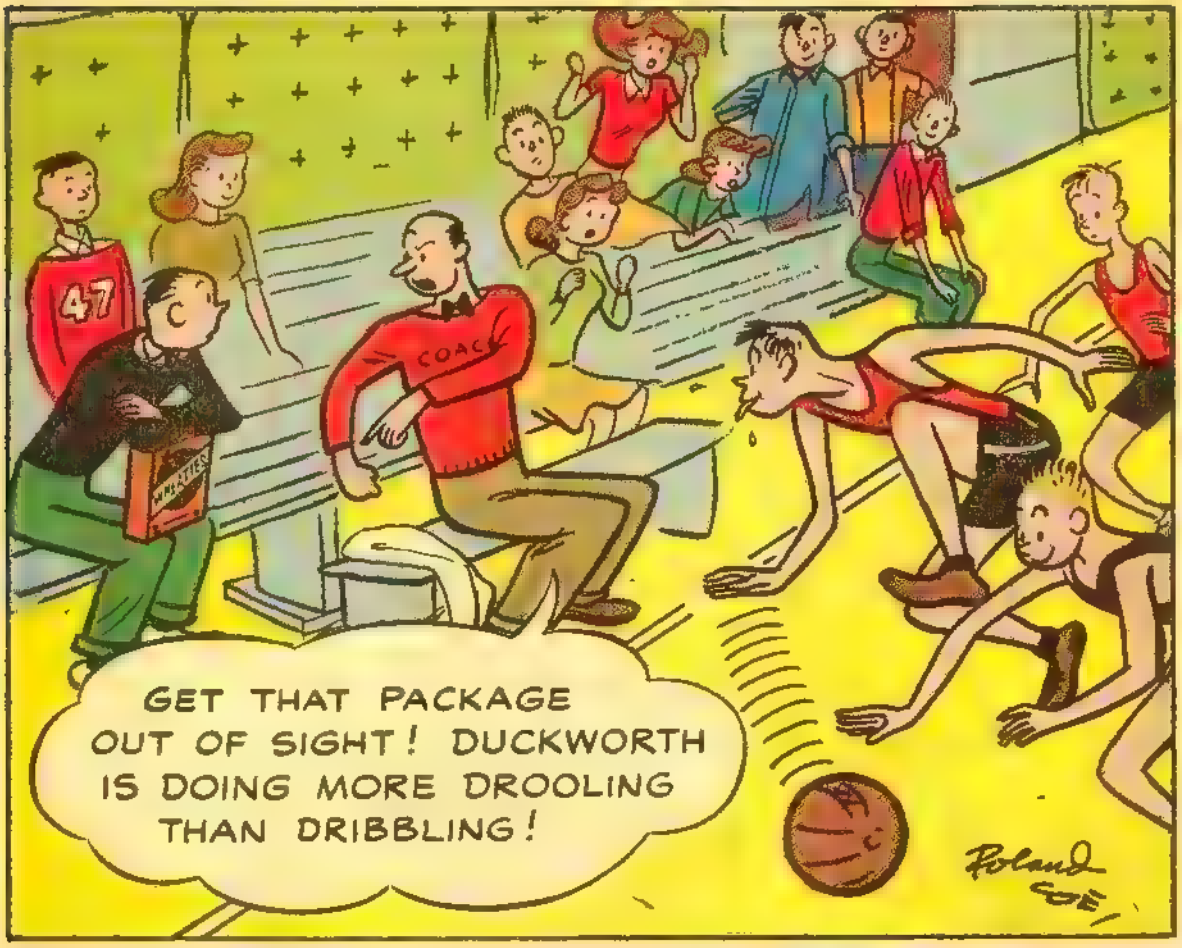
("--ANOTHER NAME ON THE LIST OF AVERAGE AMERICAN FINALISTS! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE A REASON BEHIND THESE STRANGE HAPPENINGS!--")
("--COME TO THINK OF IT, CLARK KENT IS ON THAT LIST, AND THINGS MIGHT ALSO HAPPEN TO HIM! I'LL CHANGE BACK AND GIVE THOSE UNKNOWNS WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE A CHANCE TO FIND ME!--")
WHY, CLARK, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? MR. WHITE HAS BEEN EXPECTING YOUR STORY ABOUT THAT MAN ON THE FLAGPOLE!
ER, I'VE BEEN BUSY INVESTIGATING...
SO YOU'RE CLARK KENT, DA REPORTER? COME ALONG WID ME, CHUM... I GOT A SCOOP FER YA!
("--THIS IS ONE OF HAMMERHEAD'S THUGS! I WONDER WHAT HE REALLY WANTS ME FOR!--")
A SCOOP? I'LL GO ANYWHERE FOR THAT!
NOT WITHOUT ME, CLARK! I'M IN ON THIS, TOO!
MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A SHORT DRIVE...
HERE YA ARE, PAL... WHAT'S LEFT OF DAT AIRLINER DAT'S BEEN MISSIN' DA PAST WEEK! WE FOUND IT ACCIDENTAL-LIKE!
("--HAMMERHEAD RUN ACROSS IT LOOKIN' FER A LONELY SPOT TO BUMP A GUY OFF... BUT DA SAP DON'T HAVE TA KNOW ABOUT DAT!--")
GREAT SCOTT... THIS IS A SCOOP! NOBODY HAD AN IDEA WHERE IT CRASHED!
7

THIS WOULD CREATE A SENSATION IN ANY NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME! BUT YA GOTTA RUSH DA STORY, CHUM... SO, IF YOU'LL SIGN YOUR NAME...
I'LL HAND DIS OVER TO A MESSENGER RIGHT AWAY!
BUT... I COULD PHONE THE STORY TO THE OFFICE!
NO, CHUM... DAT WOULDN'T BE SO GOOD! YOU AND DA DAME BETTER TAKE IT EASY FER A WHILE!
WHY, THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!
TIED AND HOODED, THE REPORTER DUO IS BUNDLED INTO A CAR!
I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A STUPID THING! THERE'S NO RHYME NOR REASON TO IT!
I WONDER... ("-THOSE CROOKS ARE BEYOND ORDINARY EARSHOT... BUT MY SUPERHEARING CAN PICK UP THEIR WORDS WITH EASE!--")
HA! HA! DAT SAP DON'T KNOW HIS COPY'S BEIN' SENT, NOT TO THE PLANET, BUT TO THE MORNING DISPATCH!
YEAH, AN' WHEN DA NEWS BREAKS, HE'LL BE OUTTA DA CONTEST FER KEEPS! NORMIE'LL BE LEADIN' DA FIELD!
("-- WHAT!-")
("- EXACTLY AS I SUSPECTED... THEY PLANNED TO MAKE LEADING CONTESTANTS DO THINGS AS UN-AVERAGE AS POSSIBLE! AND PERMIT THIS NORMIE TO WIN! BUT I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT THEY HAD IN MIND FOR ME!-")
("- IF I ALLOWED THIS STORY TO BE HANDED IN, IT WOULD CERTAINLY FINISH MY CHANCES IN THE CONTEST, WHICH WOULD BE ALL TO THE GOOD... BUT IT WOULD ALSO RUIN ME PROFESSIONALLY! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!-")
8

("--TIME FOR SUPERMAN TO ACT! LOIS CAN'T SEE, AND THESE THUGS AREN'T LOOKING AT MY FEET... I'LL JUST STOP THE CAR!
AS A SHATTERED STEERING GEAR LEAVES THE VEHICLE BEYOND CONTROL, SUPERMAN SWIFTLY BREAKS HIS BONDS AND SHEDS HIS OUTER GARB...
HEY... WATCH WHERE YA'RE GOIN'!
("-- I'LL JUST MAKE 'CERTAIN THAT LOIS DOESN'T GET HURT...--")
("--I'LL CATCH HER SO GENTLY SHE WON'T REALIZE I HAD ANY-, THING TO DO WITH IT! SHE'LL THINK SHE JUST LANDED ON SOME SOFT GROUND!--")
EEEHHH..!
EEEHHH.. WHY, I'M UNHURT! CLARK, WHERE ARE YOU?
("-- SORRY SHE HAS TO WORRY ABOUT ME, BUT I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO AT THE MORNING DISPATCH BUILDING AND THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!--")
AH, THERE'S THE MESSENGER! MIND IF I GIVE YOU A LIFT, SON?
G-GOSH, SUPERMAN!
THOUGHT I'D SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF TAKING THE ELEVATOR... YOU SEEMED IN A HURRY!
THANKS, SUPERMAN.. I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE!
BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND IT, SOMEHOW! INSTEAD THERE'S A DOLLAR BILL I KNOW I DIDN'T HAVE!

MEANWHILE...
THERE'S LOIS, TRYING TO REMOVE HER HOOD! NOW THAT I'VE RECOVERED THE COPY, I'LL JUST CHANGE BACK, AND RELEASE HER!
AND SO, MOMENTS LATER...
CLARK! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HURT!
I'M ALL RIGHT, LOIS.. BUT THE WAY THESE CROOKS HAD ME TIED UP KEPT ME BUSY UNTIL NOW!
THEY'RE STILL UNCONSCIOUS, SO WE'LL TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE! BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THEIR GAME WAS!
(-YOU DON'T, BUT I DO... AND I KNOW ALSO THE MAN THEY TRIED TO HELP! BUT I WON'T REVEAL HIS NAME NOW!-)
(-INSTEAD, I'LL SAVE MY INFORMATION UNTIL THE RIGHT MOMENT TO RELEASE IT... AND HAVE MYSELF PUT OUT OF OUR CONTEST!-)
NEXT DAY, AS THE CONTESTANTS AWAIT THE FINAL DECISION OF THE JUDGES...
(-HA, HA!.. THESE SAPS DON'T HAVE A CHANCE! AFTER WHAT THEY'VE DONE, THERE'S NOTHING AVERAGE ABOUT THEM... AND THEY WERE MY CLOSEST RIVALS!-)
(-THERE'S NORMAN... NOW TO STAGE MY GREAT REVELATION!-)
STOP! BEFORE THE JUDGING GOES ANY FURTHER, I WANT TO REVEAL THAT THIS MAN IS A CROOK!
WHO... ME? WHY, YOU'RE CRAZY!
NO, I'M NOT CRAZY! THE POLICE ARE HOLDING YOUR FRIENDS.. AND IF YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME TO THE STATION, THEY'LL IDENTIFY YOU!
THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE! IF TRUE, IT COMPLETELY DISQUALIFIES THIS CONTESTANT. FOR THE AVERAGE AMERICAN IS CERTAINLY NOT A CROOK!

OH, YEAH! WELL, THIS GUN WILL PUT ME IN THE RUNNING AGAIN! HAND OVER THAT MONEY!
HELP...HE'S GOING TO SHOOT!
("— NOW FOR MY GRAND-STAND PLAY.—")
BANG!
OWWW...!
WHY, CLARK... WHAT A BRAVE THING TO DO!
TAKE THAT, YOU CROOK!
A-A-AAAAAAHHH!
("— THAT DID IT! I CERTAINLY PUT MYSELF OUT OF THE RUNNING AS THE AVERAGE MAN!—")
OUT
CLARK, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! I NEVER REALIZED HOW BRAVE YOU WERE!
IT WAS NOTHING, LOIS! I WAS SO ANGRY AT WHAT HE TRIED TO DO, THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO BE AFRAID!
BUT AFTER THE JUDGES HAVE GONE INTO THEIR HUDDLE . . .
MR. KENT, LIKE THE ORDINARY AMERICAN, YOU TRY TO AVOID TROUBLE! BUT WHEN IT COMES, YOU PLUNGE IN AND MAKE THE OTHER FELLOW SORRY HE STARTED IT! WE FEEL THAT YOU ARE THE PERFECT AVERAGE AMERICAN!
WHAT..?
11
LATER...
GOSH, LOIS, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D WIN!
I'M NOT SURE YOU DESERVE THE PRIZE AFTER ALL! YOUR GIVING THAT CHECK TO CHARITY IS LESS LIKE THE AVERAGE MAN AND MORE LIKE SUPERMAN!
LISTEN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN ON YOUR LOCAL MUTUAL STATION.

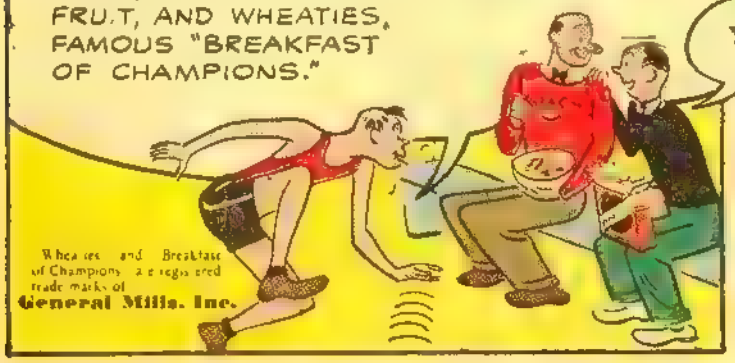


REAL MOUTH WATERING GOODNESS IN WHEATIES.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT, ROASTED GOLDEN BROWN, TOASTED CRISPY FRESH, FLAVORED WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP -- THAT'S WHEATIES. **AND, MAN, THAT'S GOOD EATING.**

LOOKS SWELL! TASTES SWELEGANT!!

GET THAT PACKAGE OF WHEATIES OUT -- TOMORROW MORNING. HELP YOURSELF TO ALL THE SOLID NOURISHMENT, SWELL FLAVOR IN MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



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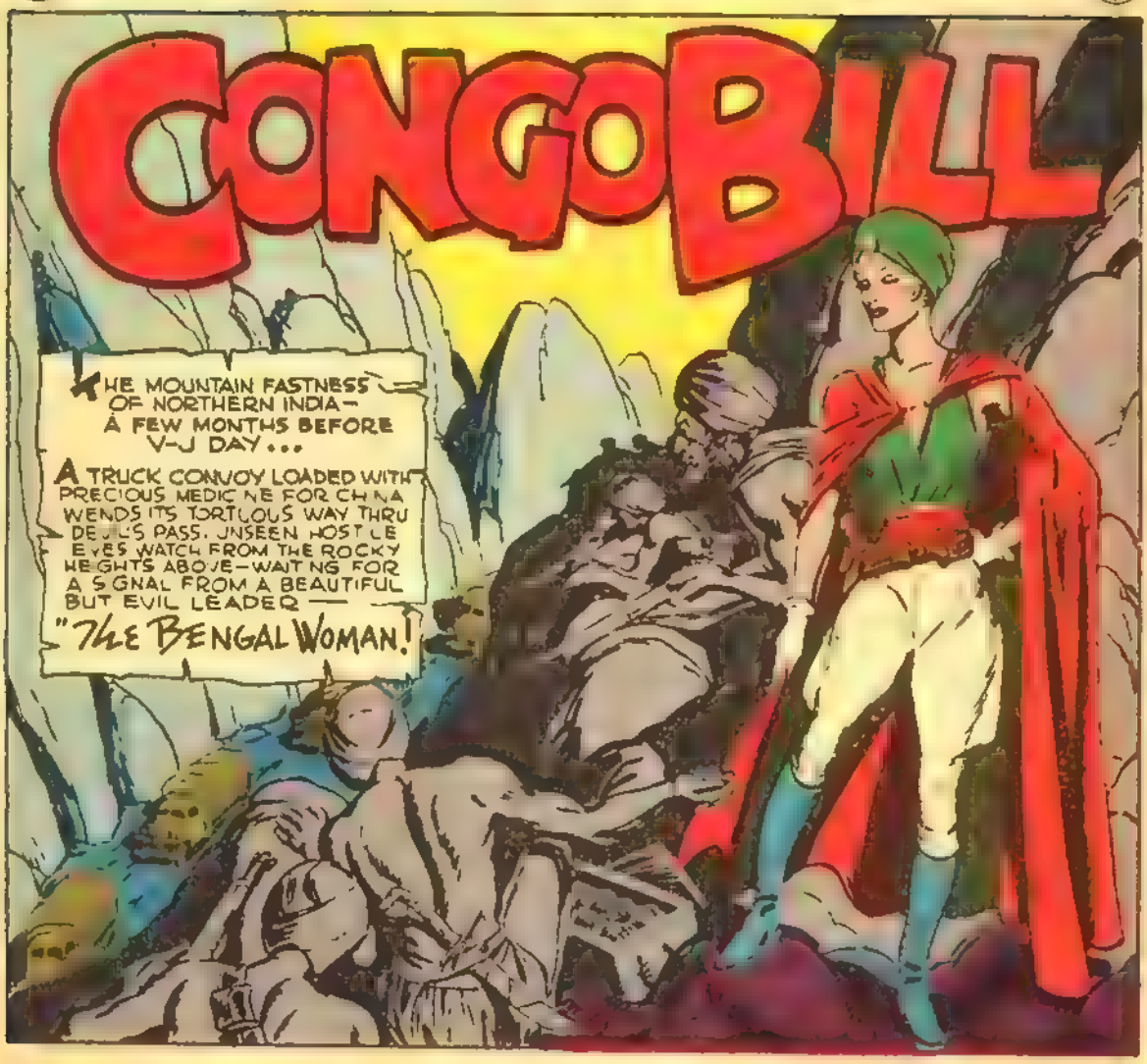
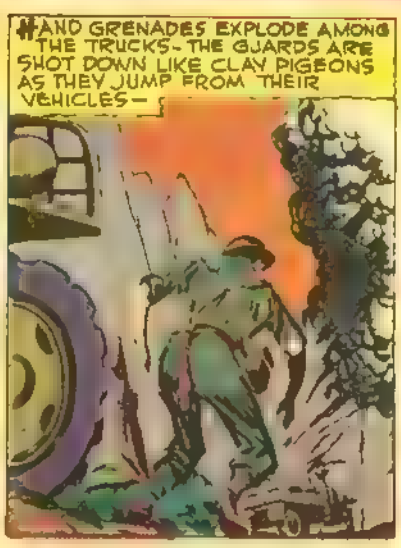
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

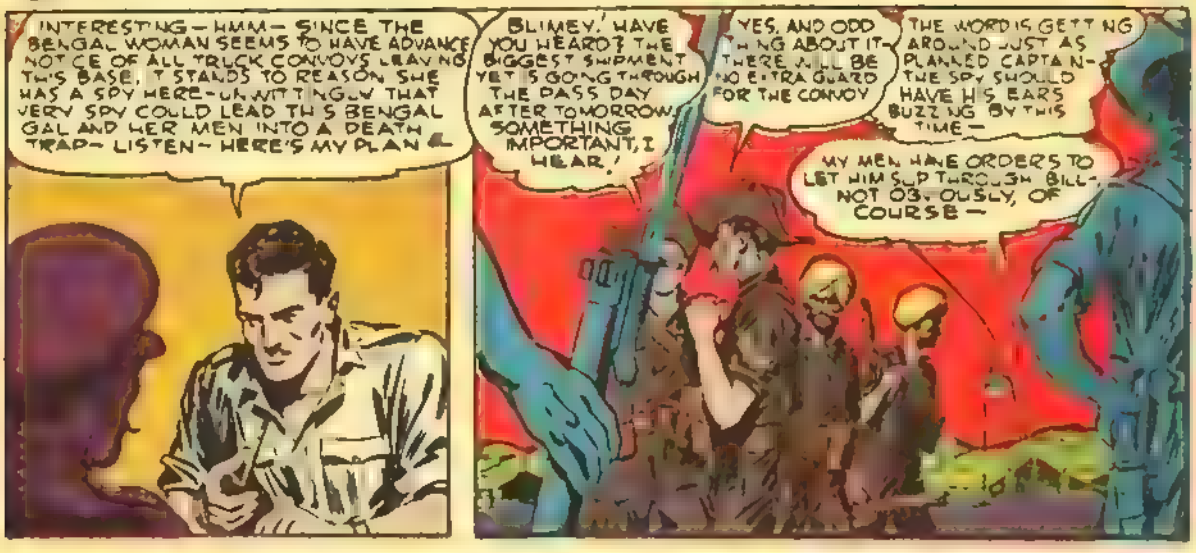

CONGO BILL
THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESS OF NORTHERN INDIA— A FEW MONTHS BEFORE V-J DAY...
A TRUCK CONVOY LOADED WITH PRECIOUS MEDICINE FOR CHINA WENDS ITS TORTUOUS WAY THRU DEVIL'S PASS. UNSEEN HOSTILE EYES WATCH FROM THE ROCKY HEIGHTS ABOVE—WAITING FOR A SIGNAL FROM A BEAUTIFUL BUT EVIL LEADER—
"THE BENGAL WOMAN!"

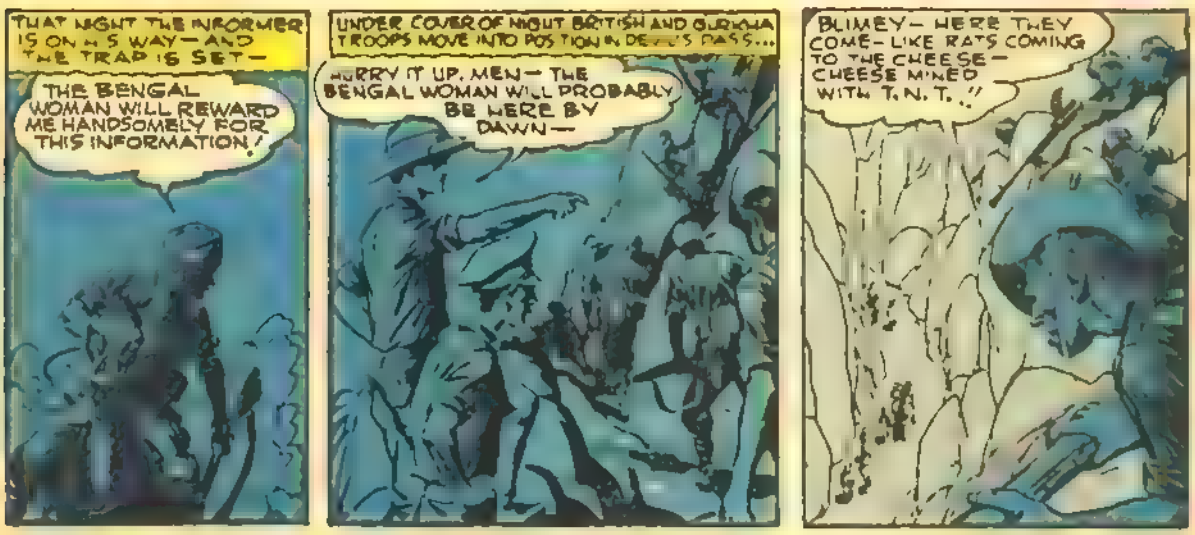
THEN SUDDENLY—THE WHINE OF A BULLET—ANOTHER—ANOTHER!
LOOK OUT TOMMY—IT'S A BLOOMIN' AMBUSH!
2

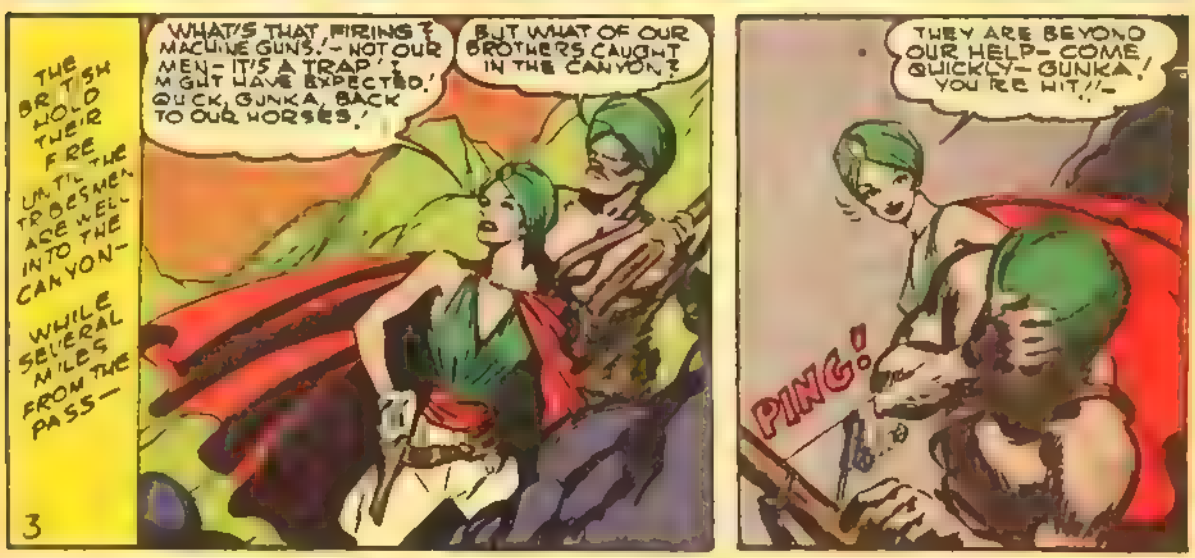

AND GRENADES EXPLODE AMONG THE TRUCKS—THE GUARDS ARE SHOT DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS AS THEY JUMP FROM THEIR VEHICLES—

IN A FEW MOMENTS IT'S ALL OVER—DUSK SETTLES AND THE ONLY SIGNS OF LIFE ARE VULTURES WHEELING ABOVE THE DEAD—

SOME TIME LATER- AT A HIDDEN LANDING STRIP IN THE HILLS-
SO- THE JAPANESE COME AT LAST.
GREETINGS, OH MOST GRACIOUS ONE- THE PLANE CARRIES GUNS FOR YOUR WARRIORS TO CONTINUE THEIR WAR UPON THE HATED BRITISH.
GOOD! AND WHAT OF THE GOLD PROMISED BY YOUR MOST HONORABLE COMMANDER?
IT IS HERE- IN MY HANDS.
EXCELLENT- MY MEN WILL UNLOAD THE PLANE—
SUDDENLY!
THAT CLUMSY FOOL HAS DROPPED A CRATE OF GUNS- GUNKA- SEIZE THE SWINE!
FOOL! YOU KNOW THE PUNISHMENT FOR CARELESSNESS? FIFTY LASHES!!
ON YOUR KNEES, DOG!
SWINE! THANK YOUR STARS THAT I DO NOT HAVE YOUR TONGUE TORN OUT!
COME, M'SEURS, WE GO TO MY HOUSE FOR REFRESHMENTS- THE DAY IS HOT AND I AM OVERHEATED FROM THAT BEATING- BE SURE TO TELL YOUR COMMANDER OF MY ABSOLUTE CONTROL OVER THESE TRIBESMEN—
MANY MILES AWAY AT A BRITISH ARMY OUTPOST ON THE SUPPLY ROUTE- CONGO BILL SPEAKS TO A BRITISH OFFICER....
YOU SAY OUR PLANES CAN'T GET AT THESE REBELLING TRIBES, CAPTAIN BROOKS?
NO, BILL- HIDDEN AS THEY ARE AMONG THE ROCKS, OUR PLANES CAN'T SPOT THEM— MY THEORY IS THIS: IF WE TAKE THIS BENGAL WOMAN THE WHOLE BAND WILL COLLAPSE- SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL HALF-CASTE FROM INDO CHINA AND IT SEEMS HER FOLLOWERS BELIEVE HER LIFE IS CHARMED OR SOME SUCH ROT- OF COURSE, SHE'S BEING PAID OFF BY THE JAPS...
2


INTERESTING—HMM—SINCE THE BENGAL WOMAN SEEMS TO HAVE ADVANCE NOTICE OF ALL TRUCK CONVOYS LEAVING THIS BASE, IT STANDS TO REASON SHE HAS A SPY HERE—UNWITTINGLY THAT VERY SPY COULD LEAD THIS BENGAL GAL AND HER MEN INTO A DEATH TRAP—LISTEN—HERE'S MY PLAN—
BLIMEY! HAVE YOU HEARD? THE BIGGEST SHIPMENT YET IS GOING THROUGH THE PASS DAY AFTER TOMORROW—SOMETHING IMPORTANT, I HEAR!
YES, AND ODD THING ABOUT IT—THERE WILL BE NO EXTRA GUARD FOR THE CONVOY
THE WORD IS GETTING AROUND JUST AS PLANNED CAPTAIN—THE SPY SHOULD HAVE HIS EARS BUZZING BY THIS TIME—
MY MEN HAVE ORDERS TO LET HIM SLIP THROUGH BILL—NOT OBVIOUSLY, OF COURSE—


THAT NIGHT THE INFORMER IS ON HIS WAY—AND THE TRAP IS SET—
THE BENGAL WOMAN WILL REWARD ME HANDSOMELY FOR THIS INFORMATION!
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT BRITISH AND GURKHA TROOPS MOVE INTO POSITION IN DEVIL'S PASS...
HURRY IT UP, MEN—THE BENGAL WOMAN WILL PROBABLY BE HERE BY DAWN—
BLIMEY—HERE THEY COME—LIKE RATS COMING TO THE CHEESE—CHEESE MINED WITH T.N.T.!!


THE BRITISH HOLD THEIR FIRE UNTIL THE TROOPS ARE WELL INTO THE CANYON—
WHILE SEVERAL MILES FROM THE PASS—
WHAT'S THAT FIRING? MACHINE GUNS!—NOT OUR MEN—IT'S A TRAP! I MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED! QUICK, GUNKA, BACK TO OUR HORSES!
BUT WHAT OF OUR BROTHERS CAUGHT IN THE CANYON?
THEY ARE BEYOND OUR HELP—COME, QUICKLY—GUNKA! YOU'RE HIT!!—
PING!
3

SO MUCH FOR YOUR BOY FRIEND- NOW, LADY, COME ON DOWN WITH YOUR HANDS UP- MY TIME IS VALUABLE.'
WHY, OF COURSE- M'SIEUR- I COME BUT I SEND MY CALLING CARD FIRST.'
WOW.' THIS BABY PLAYS ROUGH.' I CAN ONLY COUNT ON THAT ROCK BOUNCING AT THE RIGHT SPOT...
GREAT SCOTT- THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.'
OKAY, LADY, THE FUN'S ALL OVER- DROP YOUR GUN BELT AND COME DOWN BEFORE I START SPILLING LEAD —
I AM A REASONABLE WOMAN- I COME YOU ARE THE FAMOUS CONGO B LL, I PRESUME MY AGENTS TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOU. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING THE PLEASURE—
SAVE YOUR BREATH- IT'S A LONG HIKE BACK TO THE PASS.'
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER—
I AM TIRED- WOULD M'SIEUR B LL PERMIT HIS CAPTIVE TO REST FOR ONE SHORT MOMENT?
OKAY- JUST A MOMENT. (HM- THE FIRING IN THE PASS HAS STOPPED- THE FIGHT MUST BE OVER.)
WHY MUST WE GO ON? COME WITH ME, M'SIEUR- I CAN GIVE YOU WEALTH, POWER- AND- I AM NOT HARD TO LOOK AT, AM I, M'SIEUR B LL?
YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, BABY.' YOU'RE RESTED- LET'S GO.'
4

BUT AS THE BENGAL WOMAN MOVES BACK TO THE TRAIL SHE STUMBLES— FALLS—
OH—MY ANKLE—IT'S BROKEN! I'M SURE OF IT— OHHHH—
OH, PLEASE, M'SIEUR BILL— DO SOMETHING — THE PAIN—I CAN'T STAND IT!
HERE—LET ME TAKE A—
— LOOK AT—
WHACK!
AND WHEN BILL FINALLY COMES TO, HIS HEAD IS THROBBING—HIS HANDS TIED WITH HIS OWN BELT —
DO NOT ALARM YOURSELF, M'SIEUR— WE HAVE BEEN IN THIS CAVE SINCE NOONDAY— YOUR FRIENDS HAVE PASSED BY SEVERAL TIMES LOOKING FOR YOU, VERY TOUCHING—
WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO FALL FOR THAT BROKEN ANKLE ROUTINE!
INDEED— NOW WE GO OUTSIDE— YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE M'SIEUR, AND NOW DO YOU WISH TO JUMP OR SHOULD I SHOOT?
NOT MUCH CHOICE—THE ONLY THING I CAN DO IS—
THIS!! PARDON MY BACK— BUT THAT .45 IS MAKING ME NERVOUS!
5
AT THIS INSTANT A FIGURE STEPS INTO VIEW ON THE ROCKY TRAIL—
ONE OF MY MEN! HA— HERE, YOU, THROW THIS YANKEE DOG INTO THE ABYSS— WELL, WHY DO YOU HESITATE?
FOOL— WHAT ARE YOU DOING?— DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT— I DIDN'T MEAN TO WHIP YOU— I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING —NO—NO— KEEP AWAY!!

IN HORRIFIED HELPLESSNESS BILL WATCHES AS THE NATIVE HURLS THE BENGAL WOMAN INTO THE CHASM!
NOR CAN BILL EXPECT A BETTER FATE-WITH WILD EYES THE NATIVE TURNS UPON HIM AND—
MY KINGOM FOR A PARACHUTE-DOWN WENT McGINTY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!
ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND! BILL'S HURTLING BODY MISSES THE JAGGED ROCKS IN THE DEEP MOUNTAIN STREAM BELOW—"
6
THIS IS ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY— NO SIGN OF THE BENGAL WOMAN'S BODY—HMM—I WONDER IF SHE SURVIVED—
LATER—
AND THAT'S THE STORY, CAPTAIN— APPARENTLY THE BENGAL WOMAN WAS A VICTIM OF HER OWN CRUELTY.
WITHOUT THEIR LEADER THESE MOUNTAIN TRIBES WILL DISPERSE- WE WHIPPED THEM IN THE PASS AND ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT FOUND THE BENGAL WOMAN'S HIDDEN AIRSTRIP AND BLEW IT TO LIMBO- YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED YOUR MISSION, BILL— THE TRUCKS WILL MOVE TO CHINA SAFELY FROM NOW ON.

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mercury No. 1)

QFBDF IBT JUT WJDU-
PSJFT BT XFMM BT XBS.
MFU VT XJO UIFN. UPP.

SUPERMAN, JAN.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

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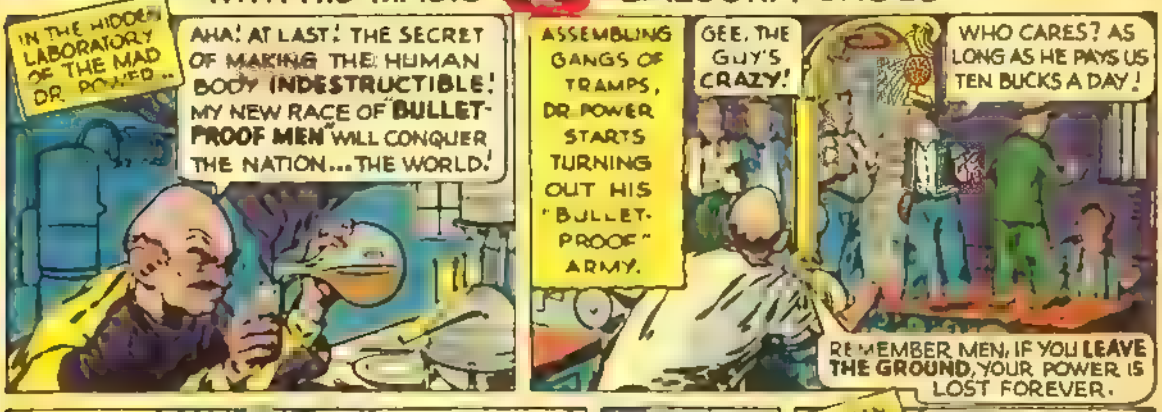
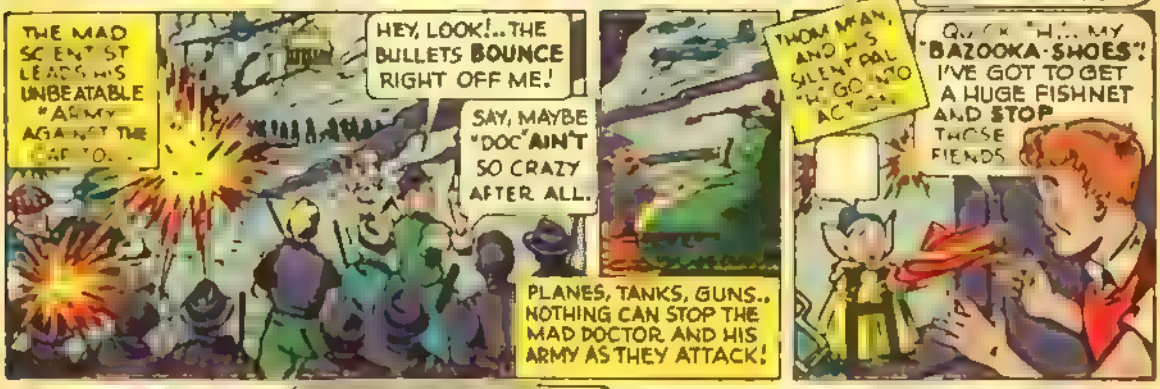
HOW THOM McAN BLIZZED the Bullet Proof Men

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"


IN THE HIDDEN LABORATORY OF THE MAD DR. POWER..
AHA! AT LAST! THE SECRET OF MAKING THE HUMAN BODY INDESTRUCTIBLE! MY NEW RACE OF "BULLET-PROOF MEN" WILL CONQUER THE NATION... THE WORLD!
ASSEMBLING GANGS OF TRAMPS, DR. POWER STARTS TURNING OUT HIS "BULLET-PROOF" ARMY.
GEE, THE GUY'S CRAZY!
WHO CARES? AS LONG AS HE PAYS US TEN BUCKS A DAY!
REMEMBER MEN, IF YOU LEAVE THE GROUND, YOUR POWER IS LOST FOREVER.


THE MAD SCIENTIST LEADS HIS UNBEATABLE "ARMY AGAINST THE
HEY, LOOK!.. THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF ME!
SAY, MAYBE "DOC" AIN'T SO CRAZY AFTER ALL.
PLANES, TANKS, GUNS.. NOTHING CAN STOP THE MAD DOCTOR AND HIS ARMY AS THEY ATTACK!
THOM McAN, AND HIS SILENT PAL "H" GO INTO ACTION
QUICK "H".. MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! I'VE GOT TO GET A HUGE FISHNET AND STOP THOSE FIENDS

WHOOM
THOM ZOOMS OFF IN A HUGE CLOUD OF ROCKET SMOKE..
BAZOO-O-OOKA! YOU WON'T BE "BULLET-PROOF" ANY MORE!
CURSES! IF WE GET SWEPT OFF THE GROUND, ALL OUR POWER IS LOST FOREVER!
OKAY, WARDEN, I'VE SCOOPED UP EVERY ONE OF 'EM FOR YOU!
SUDDENLY, THE PRISON GUARDS SEE A STRANGE SIGHT...

AND WHAT A SCOOP THOM!
THANKS, SIR! AND SPEAKING OF SCOOPS, THOM McAN SHOES SCOOP THE WHOLE COUNTRY FOR VALUE!
WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN" ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!)
Fellows! Tell Your Folks You Want THOM McAN SHOES!
They'll be glad you did—because husky THOM McANS can "take it." Snappy styles. Built-in comfort that keeps you "foot-happy." Low priced. Smart styles for men too. When you buy your next THOM McANS—take Dad along!
THE THOM McAN X2S
Shoe for Men—Style 3968—Sizes 6 to 11
Thom McAn
OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES
Famous Commendation Seal awarded by Parents Magazine to Thom McAn Boys' and Girls' Shoes

ADVERTISEMENT

VOLTO FROM MARS
VOLTO AND JIMMY ARE FLYING OVER JUNGLE IN A HELICOPTER.
WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO UNEXPLORED COUNTRY NOW...
GOSH! THE JUNGLE'S THICK HERE!
LOOK! THERE ARE WHITE PEOPLE IN THAT BOAT!.
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S JOE TALL AND LILY! THOSE SAVAGES WILL TEAR 'EM TO PIECES!
THE PLANE SWOOPS LOW OVER THE RIVER...
HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION! WATCH! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!
HELP! HELP!
VOLTO
QUICK, VOLTO! SHE CAN'T SWIM!
I'LL GET 'EM BOTH! LOOK! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!
VOLTO
OH, VOLTO! WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU!
LUCKY WE CAME BY JUST THEN, LILY, OR YOU AND JOE TALL WOULD'A BEEN MINCE MEAT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HERE, VOLTO... I BROUGHT GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ALONG SO YOU COULD RECHARGE YOUR MAGNETISM.
SWELL, JIM! I COULDN'T GET THROUGH A DAY WITHOUT WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL!
CAN LILY AND I HAVE SOME, TOO? WE HAVE NO MAGNETISMS TO RECHARGE, BUT EVERYBODY LIKES SUPER-TASTING GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!
MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A MOUNTAIN OF ENERGY TOO!

TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN .BLUE NETWORK STATIONS 4:15 MON. THRU FRI.

VIGILANTE
FANTASTIC CLOCKS CHIME THE SIGNALS FOR FANTASTIC CRIMES EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR--AND IT'S TIME FOR THE VIGILANTE TO RIDE THE TROUBLE TRAIL AGAIN! IN A FLASHING DUEL OF WITS WITH A WEIRD LITTLE WIZARD OF SPLIT-SECOND VILLAINY, THE LYNX-EYED LAWMAN FROM THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE, AND HIS CHUM, THE CHINATOWN KID, FACE PRECISION-GEARED PERILS TO WIND UP THE CLOCKWORK CAREER OF--
"THE AMAZING MR. MINUTE!"
COO-COO
MORT MORTON JR

FOUR O'CLOCK -- AND THE HOUR BOOMS OUT FROM THE UNUSUAL TIMEPIECE OF THE DRUM INVESTMENT COMPANY...
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
WELL, LOOKA THAT!
DRUM UP A FORTUNE WITH DRUMM!
I WONDER WHO DREAMS UP ALL THESE CRAZY CLOCK IDEAS?.. HUH..?
GOODNESS GRACIOUS! CATCH IT, QUICK!
THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE TRYIN'!
GOT IT! HUH?-- JEEPERS-- DYNAMITE!
EH?.. OH, IT ISN'T DYNAMITE! HA, HA! IT JUST HAPPENS TO BE A DYNAMITE BOX IN WHICH I'M CARRYING SPARE PARTS FOR THAT CLOCK!
DYNAMITE
MR. MINUTE IS THE NAME - THE WORLD'S MOST ORIGINAL CLOCKMAKER! TODAY I AM CHECKING SOME OF MY CREATIONS! SINCE I SEEM TO BE A BIT SHAKY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP ME?
SURE!
BE CAREFUL, YOUNG MAN! SOME OF THE THINGS IN THAT BOX ARE VERY FRAGILE!
DON'T WORRY YA NOODLE FOR A MINUTE, MR. MINUTE!
HEY, I JUST REMEMBERED YA LEFT THAT BOX INSIDE THE CLOCK!
HOW THOUGHTLESS OF ME! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER, THERE'S LOTS OF ROOM! AND I CAN GET IT WHEN I MAKE MY FINAL *ADJUSTMENTS TOMORROW!
MR. MINUTE CREATOR OF CLOCK CHARACTER

FIVE O'CLOCK AT THE EXCLUSIVE SHOP OF M. MONSOON, JEWELER...
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
JEWELS
YA MUSTA WORKED A LONG TIME ON THIS ONE!
IT'S ONE OF MY MOST AMBITIOUS MASTER-PIECES!
FROM HERE IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE LOOSENIN' THE BOLTS.
OH, NO! YOU SEE, THE THREADS ARE REVERSED!
SIX O'CLOCK IN THE HOME OF THE LATE PIEDMONT GORHAM, MULTIMILLIONAIRE COLLECTOR OF ART TREASURES...
I'LL LEAVE YOU GENTLEMEN NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
ALL THESE PRICELESS THINGS ARE TO BE AUCTIONED OFF TONIGHT—INCLUDING MY CLOCK!
I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH EXCITEMENT SINCE THE LAST TIME I WAS BUSTIN' AROUND WITH THE VIGILANTE!
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG!
WHAT! YOU KNOW THE VIGILANTE — THE GREAT CRIME-FIGHTER?
SURE, AN' I'LL BE SEEIN' HIM THIS EVENIN' TELLIN' HIM ALL ABOUT THIS! HIM AN' ME IS LIKE THAT!
ER— I'LL BE HERE FOR SOME TIME, SO I WON'T NEED YOU ANY LONGER! BUT FIRST, I MUST PRESENT YOU WITH A TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION FOR YOUR LABOR!
AW, IT WASN'T NUTHIN'!
WRIST WATCHES! BEAUTIES, TOO!...BUT WHY TWO OF 'EM?
ONE IS FOR THE VIGILANTE! AS ONE OF HIS MANY ADMIRERS, I'D LIKE HIM TO WEAR SOMETHING I MADE WITH MY OWN HANDS!
THANKS A MILLION, MR. MINUTE!
DON'T MENTION IT!
NOW LET THE LITTLE FOOL TELL THE VIGILANTE ABOUT MY ACTIVITIES! NEITHER OF THEM WILL LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO DO ME ANY HARM!

PRESENTLY...
GUESS WHAT, GREG? I HELPED OUT A GOOFY OLD CLOCKMAKER WHO ADMIRES THE VIG SO MUCH, HE GAVE ME TWO WRIST WATCHES HE MADE HIMSELF—ONE FOR YOU!
YOU DON'T SAY!
PRETTY NIFTY—AND IT'S TELLING ME I'LL BE LATE FOR MY BROADCAST IF I DON'T HURRY! REMIND ME TO DROP THIS CLOCKMAKER A NOTE OF THANKS!
I'M SITTIN' IN ON YOUR YODELIN', IF YA DON'T MIND!
SEVEN O'CLOCK--AND IN A SOUNDPROOF STUDIO ROOM, STUFF LOOKS AND LISTENS AS HIS FAVORITE RADIO STAR GOES ON THE AIR...
AND NOW, FOLKS—GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!
HE'S OFF—AND SO IS MY NEW TICKER! NOW WHY DID I HAVE TA GO AN' BREAK THE STRAP?
HOWDY, ALL YOU PEOPLE, I'M HERE TO FILL YOUR EAR, WITH BALLADS OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE KIND YOU LIKE TO HEAR...
I'LL PUT IT HERE TILL THE SERENADE S OVER...
A-RIDIN' TOWARD THE SUN-SET, SO LONELY AND FORLORN...
SUDDENLY, AS THE BROAD-CAST NEARS ITS CLOSE...
WHAT--! IT JUMPED RIGHT INTO THE AIR LIKE IT WAS ALIVE!
A NEEDLE, WORKED BY A SPRING! IT WOULDA STABBED ME—AND THERE'S SOME LIQUID STUFF ON IT--MAYBE IT'S POISON!
I GOTTA WARN HIM! BUT I CAN'T BUST INTO THE BROADCAST UNLESS—THAT'S IT! I'LL SING ALONG WITH HIM!
4

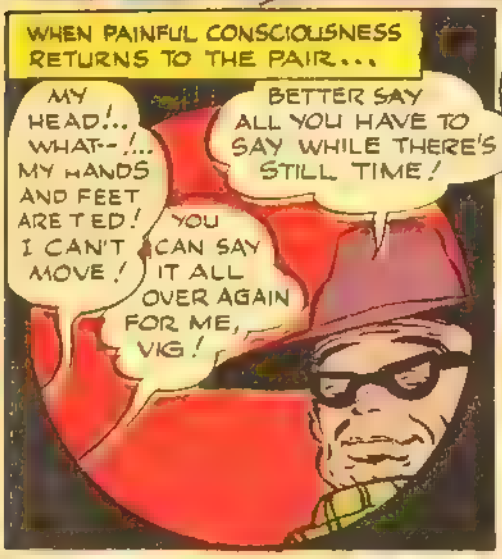
EXCUSE ME, PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR— THAT JIGGER ON YOUR WRIST--
STUFF WOULDN'T DO THIS WITHOUT A GOOD REASON, SO I'LL STRING ALONG!
STEP CLOSER TO THE MICROPHONE— WE'LL GIVE THE SHOW A TWIST!
KEEP OUT
HE'S CUTTING THE STRAP ON MY WATCH!
I OUGHTTA GET A MEDAL, CHUM, FOR SAVIN' OF YOUR LIFE!
IS THIS A STICKUP, PARDNER? WHAT'S THE ANGLE ON THE KNIFE?
AND WITH THIS IMPROVISED DUET, THE PROGRAM CLOSES!
AND SO GOOD FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS, THANKS FOR LISTENING ONCE MORE! TUNE IN AGAIN TOMORROW TO THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!
PRETTY SMART, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF— AND MY SINGIN' WASN'T BAD, EITHER!
YOU OUGHT TO BE SHOT FOR RUINING THE SHOW WITH THAT INSANE HOWLING!
HOLD ON, SMITHERS!.. WHAT'S UP, STUFF?
THAT CRAZY CLOCK-MAKER WANTED TO BUMP US OFF, P.T.! LOOK!
YA SEE? IF THAT AIN'T POISON, I MISS MY GUESS!
GREAT SCOTT!
MINUTES LATER, THE SINGING COWBOY UNDERGOES A GRIM TRANSFORMATION!
SO HE PRETENDED TO BE AN ADMIRER OF THE VIGILANTE, DID HE? WELL, HE'S GOING TO SEE HIS IDOL IN PERSON!
HE WAS AT THE PIEDMONT GORHAM JOINT AN HOUR AND A HALF AGO! WE BETTER DROP PAST THERE!
THERE IT IS! THERE'S A BIG AUCTION GOIN' ON!
THAT MEANS PEOPLE WILL BE THERE WITH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO BUY WORKS OF ART WORTH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS!

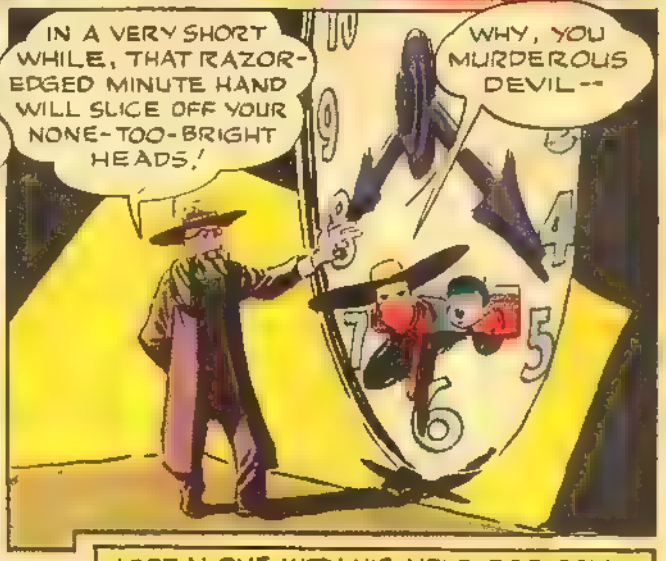
BUT, SOME TIME BEFORE THE VIGILANTE STARTED OUT...
THIS INCOMPARABLE VASE DATES FROM THE MING DYNASTY, OVER 300 YEARS AGO! YOUR BIDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN?
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!
TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED!
ABRUPTLY, THERE COMES A WHIRRING CLOCK-WORK SOUND, AND --
LOOK OUT! IT'S ALIVE!
WHAT--?
OH-H-H! I'M GOING TO FAINT!
A SHATTERING OF GLASS AND METAL... A SWIFT SPREADING OF GAS FUMES... AND THE GIGANTIC FIGURE FALLS APART!
HO, HO! THIS IS THE MOMENT FOR WHICH I HAVE WORKED AND WAITED FOR YEARS!
GAS-UGH!
BEFORE I LOAD THIS PRECIOUS LOOT INTO MY TRUCK, I MUST REMEMBER TO RELIEVE THE GENTLEMEN OF THEIR WALLETS AND THE LADIES OF THEIR JEWELS!
AND WHEN THE VIGILANTE AND THE CHINATOWN KID ARRIVE...
SO WE'RE TOO LATE FOR MR. MINUTE!
VIGILANTE YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT VANDAL! HE ESCAPED WITH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF LOOT!
AND BESIDES, HE TOOK MY WALLET WITH $40 IN IT!
CALL THE POLICE! MEANWHILE, WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN!
LET'S RIDE, VIG! I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A CLOCK WITH A BOX OF DYNAMITE INSIDE!

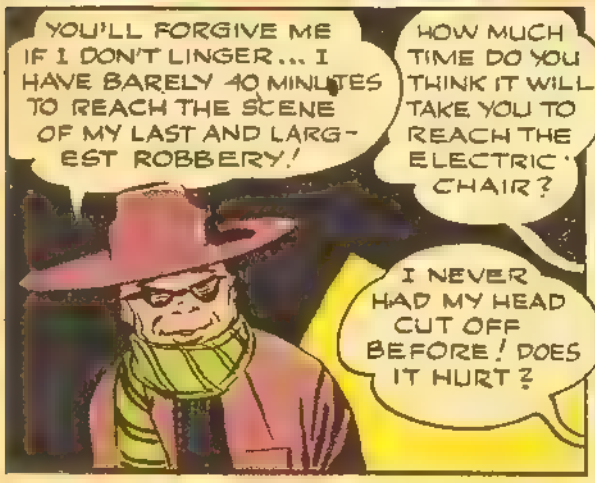
EIGHT O'CLOCK— AND THE ARMS OF A MECHANICAL DRUMMER PREPARE TO STRIKE!
RIGHT ON THE DOT! I'VE TIMED MY REACH FOR RICHES TO THE VERY SECOND!
AND THE ECHO OF THE DRUMBEAT ROLLS OVER THE CITY LIKE A THUNDERCLAP!
I'LL FILL MY BAG WITH GILT-EDGED STOCKS AND BONDS BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE, AND— BUT WHAT'S THIS?...
BOOM
SO IT'S AN EXPLOSION THIS TIME — AND WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
NOT TOO EARLY, EITHER! THAT'S HIM, TRYIN' TO MAKE A GETAWAY!
THE VIGILANTE— AND THAT BRAT! WHY AREN'T THEY DEAD AS I PLANNED?
WE'RE GAININ'!
IF THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT ME, THEY UNDERESTIMATE THE RESOURCES OF MR. MINUTE, THE MIRACLE MAN!
INTO THE STRANGEST CLOCK SHOP EVER SEEN, DARTS THE AMAZING LITTLE CRIMINAL...
LET THEM FOLLOW AT THEIR PERIL! HA, HA, HA!
OF ALL THINGS— AN OVERSIZE CUCKOO CLOCK!
WHAT'S THE CUCKOO DOIN', POPPIN' OUT AT THE WRONG TIME? IS HE GIVIN' US THE BIRD?
7

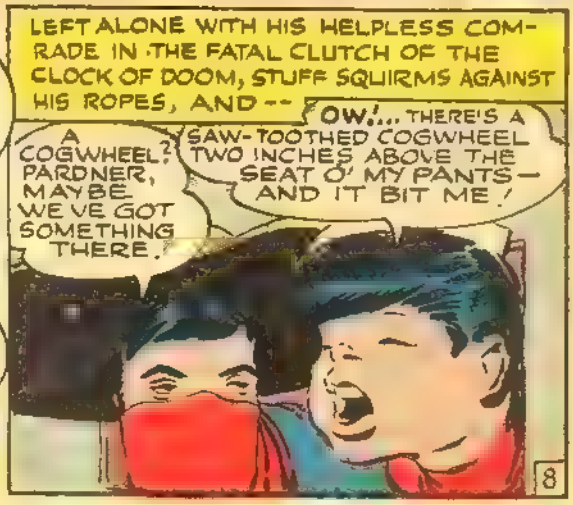
AND INTO AN INTERIOR WHICH IS EVEN STRANGER, THE PURSUERS DART AFTER HIM!
FIRST TIME I WAS EVER INSIDE A CLOCK! LOOK AT THE WHEELS-- THE SPRINGS-- EVERYTHIN'!
MINUTE'S GONE!
THE FOOLS! THEIR HOUR HAS ALREADY STRUCK!
12
10
9
8
7

SO THEY DISCOVERED THE DEADLY SECRET OF THE WRIST WATCHES! BUT WAIT TILL THEY LEARN ABOUT THE CLOCK OF DOOM!
SAND


WHEN PAINFUL CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE PAIR...
MY HEAD!.. WHAT--!... MY HANDS AND FEET ARE TED! I CAN'T MOVE!
BETTER SAY ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
YOU CAN SAY IT ALL OVER AGAIN FOR ME, VIG!


IN A VERY SHORT WHILE, THAT RAZOR-EDGED MINUTE HAND WILL SLICE OFF YOUR NONE-TOO-BRIGHT HEADS!
WHY, YOU MURDEROUS DEVIL--


YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T LINGER... I HAVE BARELY 40 MINUTES TO REACH THE SCENE OF MY LAST AND LARGEST ROBBERY!
HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE YOU TO REACH THE ELECTRIC CHAIR?
I NEVER HAD MY HEAD CUT OFF BEFORE! DOES IT HURT?


LEFT ALONE WITH HIS HELPLESS COMRADE IN THE FATAL CLUTCH OF THE CLOCK OF DOOM, STUFF SQUIRMS AGAINST HIS ROPES, AND -- OW!... THERE'S A SAW-TOOTHED COGWHEEL TWO INCHES ABOVE THE SEAT O' MY PANTS— AND IT BIT ME!
A COGWHEEL? PARDNER, MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!

MIGHTY MUSCLES STRAINING, THE VIGILANTE SLOWLY ARCHES HIS BODY TOWARD THE MOVING GEAR...
IF THAT WHEEL IS SAW-TOOTHED, MAYBE IT WILL SAW US LOOSE!
YA GOT A SMART HEAD ON YA, CHUM! IT'D BE A SHAME TO LOSE IT!
AND AS THE SHARP EDGE OF STEEL DROPS RELENTLESSLY...
IT'S SHREDDING THE ROPES ALL RIGHT— BUT IS IT GOING TO GET THROUGH SOON ENOUGH?
IF YA'RE ASKIN' ME, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I WISH I'D LIVED A BETTER LIFE!
AND NOW, HAVING SEEN A HURLING CLOCK, AN EXPLODING CLOCK AND A KILLING CLOCK—LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A TALKING CLOCK...
I'M GETTIN' TIRED, STANDING HERE HOLDIN' THIS SLEDGE-HAMMER, PETE!
EASY, JOE! YA OUGHTTA BE GLAD TA STAND STILL, AFTER OUR HARD WOIK GETTIN' THEM IRON STATUES OUTTA HERE!
JEWELS
ALL SET, MR. MINUTE! YA'RE RIGHT ON TIME!
AND A HAMMERING CLOCK AS WELL!
NINE O'CLOCK! LET'S GET STARTED!
BUT INSTEAD OF POUNDING THE GONG, THE TWO MASSIVE FIGURES HAMMER AWAY AT THE STONE WALL!
THE NEXT MOMENT...
I'LL HAVE THE SAFE OPEN IN A HURRY, BECAUSE I DESIGNED ITS TIME-LOCK MECHANISM! MEANWHILE, YOU CLEAN OUT THE SHOWCASES!
OF COURSE! EVERY MOVE I MAKE IS TIMED PERFECT-LY!
DIAMONDS—RUBIES—POILS! I'M GONNA RETIRE AFTER DIS JOB!
NOT ME! I AIN'T GONNA QUIT TILL I GOT A EVEN MILLYUN!

SUDDENLY...
HERE WE COME— HEADS AND ALL!
LOOK! DA VIGILANTE!
NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
DROP IT, YA RAT!
I'LL DROP IT, ALL RIGHT-- ON YOUR DOME!
WESTERN SIX-GUN THUNDER!
HE SHOT THE HANDLE RIGHT IN TWO! AN'--
THANKS, VIG! AN' I'LL BREAK YOUR JAW RIGHT IN TWO!
THIS IS YOUR ZERO HOUR STRIKING, YOU SIDEWINDING DIAMOND-BACK!
HEY! THE LITTLE BIG SHOT IS PULLIN' A SNEAK!
JUST A MINUTE, MR. MINUTE! WE'RE GOIN' TO WIND UP YOUR CLOCK CRIMES FOR GOOD!
OH, DEAR!
IT'S TIME TO GO TO THE HOOSE-GOW!
WHY DID YOU (SOB) HAVE TO INTERFERE? NOW (SOB) MY LIFE'S WORK IS RUINED!
CHEER UP! YA CAN START ALL OVER AGAIN!
--AND ALL'S WELL!
HE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR PLANNIN' TRICK CLOCKS FROM NOW ON, EH, VIG?
TIME IS THE ONE THING HE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF, WHEN THE JUDGE GETS THROUGH WITH HIM, STUFF!
THE END

SMOKE SIGNAL

by Alton Black

IT had been a cleverly executed break. Daring, too; but the danger had been minimized by the careful planning Slats Marbery had done. When a guy's got twenty years to do, he has time to think. About not doing the twenty years.

There were still nineteen years to go, which will give you some idea how long Slats had been planning this break. One year. And now, as the sirens screeched that a convict was free, Slats crouched behind protective trees three miles away. Waiting.

It wasn't long before it came along, its headlights knifing the night. A heavy truck, sure-treaded, rolling like a juggernaut along the macadam, its thick-plyed tires singing to the rhythm of the pelting rain.

Slats crouched in his hiding place, a slight figure with murderous eyes watching the progress of the truck, appraising the moment it would slow down before making the bend. There was a treacherous hairpin curve there and all traffic slowed. It was the thing Slats remembered most vividly about this road. As a free man he remembered driving over it many times. Those had been the days when the drab masonry of the prison had elicited his jeers. He had thought then the law never would catch up with him.

It had, though. But now he was free once more. They'd never grab him again, he vowed now. His eyes narrowed as he saw the truck slow down.

The night van slid over the curve, then started to gain momentum just as it passed Slats' hiding place. Like a panther, he sprang.

Slats' fingers closed around the ropes lashing the tarpaulin covering. Manual labor in prison had made Slats' body hard. He swung himself up easily, like an agile monkey. He hung there for a moment. Then, carefully, he climbed to the top of the swaying vehicle.

It was precarious post, but a safe one. Slats knew this a moment later as he heard the wail of police car sirens. Holding his breath, he flattened himself on the top of the truck. The rain and the dark night hid him securely.

The pursuing cars roared past the truck. And the driver, who had pulled over to the side of the road, thinking the police were calling him, started to swing into low gear again.

That stop was a bad mistake. The police cars had just sped by, when Slats, moving fast, let himself down from the top of the truck.

The element of surprise was in his favor. That, plus fingers as strong as steel. Hammering rocks had done that for Slats. Now, those steel-like fingers found the astonished driver's throat. In just a moment it was over.

Slats pushed the unconscious driver out of the truck, rolled him onto the side of the road. In another few moments he had divested the man of his clothes. Slats looked at his victim unconcernedly. He didn't know whether the man was dead or not. He didn't care. One thing was certain: it would be a while before he revived. If he did.

In the cab of the truck, Slats went through the man's pockets. He snarled to himself as the search disclosed nothing more than a fifty cent piece and a package of cigarettes. Slats, of course, had no way of knowing the driver would be drawing his week's wages at the end of the night's run. For a long moment, Slats glowered at the stricken form on the side of the road. He felt a sudden, uncontrollable urge to kick at the man. Only the sound of a clock ticking on the makeshift cot in back of the driver's seat restrained Slats from carrying out his murderous impulse.

It was four o'clock. He'd have to get moving. There was no telling when that posse would decide to retrace its route of pursuit.

Slats threw out the clutch angrily. Fortunately, in his earlier days he had driven trucks for a beer-runner. He knew how to handle this one. The taillight winked on the fallen man as the truck gathered momentum, rolled along through the rain.

Slats breathed a sigh of relief. At least, he told himself, he had getaway clothes and a vehicle of escape. If he could only make the city without being challenged, he'd be safe. No use taking too many chances.

He shivered suddenly, and cold perspiration broke out on his face. "I've caught a cold."

A half hour later he knew it for sure. Now, alternating between spasms of cold and heat, he realized he had better get something hot into him. Coffee, or soup. It might help. The blanket he had taken from the driver's cot, and wrapped around him offered little protection.

His head felt heavy as an anvil, and his eyes were coals of fire when he saw the all-night diner sign. There were no trucks in front of it. That helped Slats make up his mind. No one but the counterman would notice his chills.

The truck ground to a stop, and Slats raced into the diner.

The warm air smote his hot forehead, almost making him cry out with pain. He gritted his teeth. He had to carry on.

Seeing the counterman helped. He was an old man, so aged that he seemed to find difficulty in walking. It wasn't until Slats slid onto a stool that he understood. The old man said:

"What number you sitting on?"

There was a tab on the counter in front of Slats' stool.

"Eleven," said Slats. And he knew suddenly that the man was blind.

"Thank you," the old man said. "What'll it be, stranger?"

"Coffee. Hot as it comes."

With the movement of one who has memorized every inch of the way, the old man set the coffee before Slats, who gulped at it greedily before tossing down the fifty cent piece he had stolen from the attacked dirver.

A thought sped through Slats' mind as the old man opened the cash register. Quickly, Slats peered over the old man's shoulder. They were there all right. Greenbacks. Quite a pile of them.

And Slats could use them.

He acted fast, moving round the counter. The knife he had taken from the cutlery container was at the old man's throat. "I'll take that," Slats grated, "unless you want your throat cut. And I'm not fooling."

His words were as sharp-edged as the knife, as murderous as the hand that held it menacingly against an old man's throat.

Outside, a car ground to a stop. Slats, still holding the knife at the old man's throat, looked out. A milkwagon, and the driver was probably coming in to warm himself with coffee

Slats mind worked fast. "One word out of you, Pop," he said, "and you and that milkman get it. Just give me a chance to get away, and nothing happens to either of you." He pulled the packet of cigarettes from his pocket. "Here, make believe you and me are h a v i n g a smoke."

He smiled to himself as the old man's b o d y stiffened. "Scared," Slats told himself, "I've got him scared to death. He won't talk, not till I've got away."

As though reading Slats' thought, the old man coughed, gasped and said: "I won't do a thing, mister."

When the door opened a moment later, Slats was picking up his change. He nodded briefly at the newcomer, who walked into a cloud of smoke. For a moment, the milkman didn't see Slats. He was looking directly at the old man.

"Well, Pop," he said, "what do you . . ."

"It's okay, Mr. Bailey," Pop said. "I won't want any milk this morning. Got plenty left over. Weather's been too bad for truckdrivers to stop, I guess. But this feller stopped by to have a cup of coffee and a smoke with me."

"Howdy, stranger," the milkman said, noddipg to Slats. "It sure is a tough night for a run. I don't envy you fellers with those big trucks to push around on a risky night like this."

Slats' fingers loosened on the knife in his coat pocket. Nothing to fear from this guy. His milk truck would never catch up with a fast moving van. And there was no phone in this place. But just to be on the safe side, he'd better rip open a couple of the guy's tires.

The milkman slid onto a stool. "Coffee for me, Pop. How about you, stranger? Care for another cup?"

"Nope. Got to be tooling along." Heck, this was a cinch. He had this yokel fooled plenty. Just the same, he was going to puncture a couple of the sap's tires.

"Good night, stranger," the old man said, his voice quavering.

"Night," Slats said gruffly. He turned, to open the door and run out.

He never quite made it. Suddenly, rockets seemed to go off in his head, and everything went black. He didn't even hear the milkman shout gleefully. "Got him right on the head with the sugarbowl the first time, Pop. The dirty crook!"

When Slats opened his eyes, they looked into the faces of three prison guards. Another guard was listening to the milkman's story. "As soon as I saw Pop smoking a cigarette, I knew something was wrong," the milkman was saying. "And when he said this guy gave it to him, I was sure of it. You'd have to *force* Pop to smoke." The milkman grinned and looked at Slats. "So I just waited and popped this fool with a sugar bowl. Lucky we heard you fellows blowing your sirens along the round. Otherwise, I might have had to get rough with this convict." He glared angrily at Slats. "Some nerve, trying to rob a blind man." Then, to the guards, he said mildly: "You fellers oughta be more careful 'bout letting folks escape. Well, so long, I gotta deliver the milk."

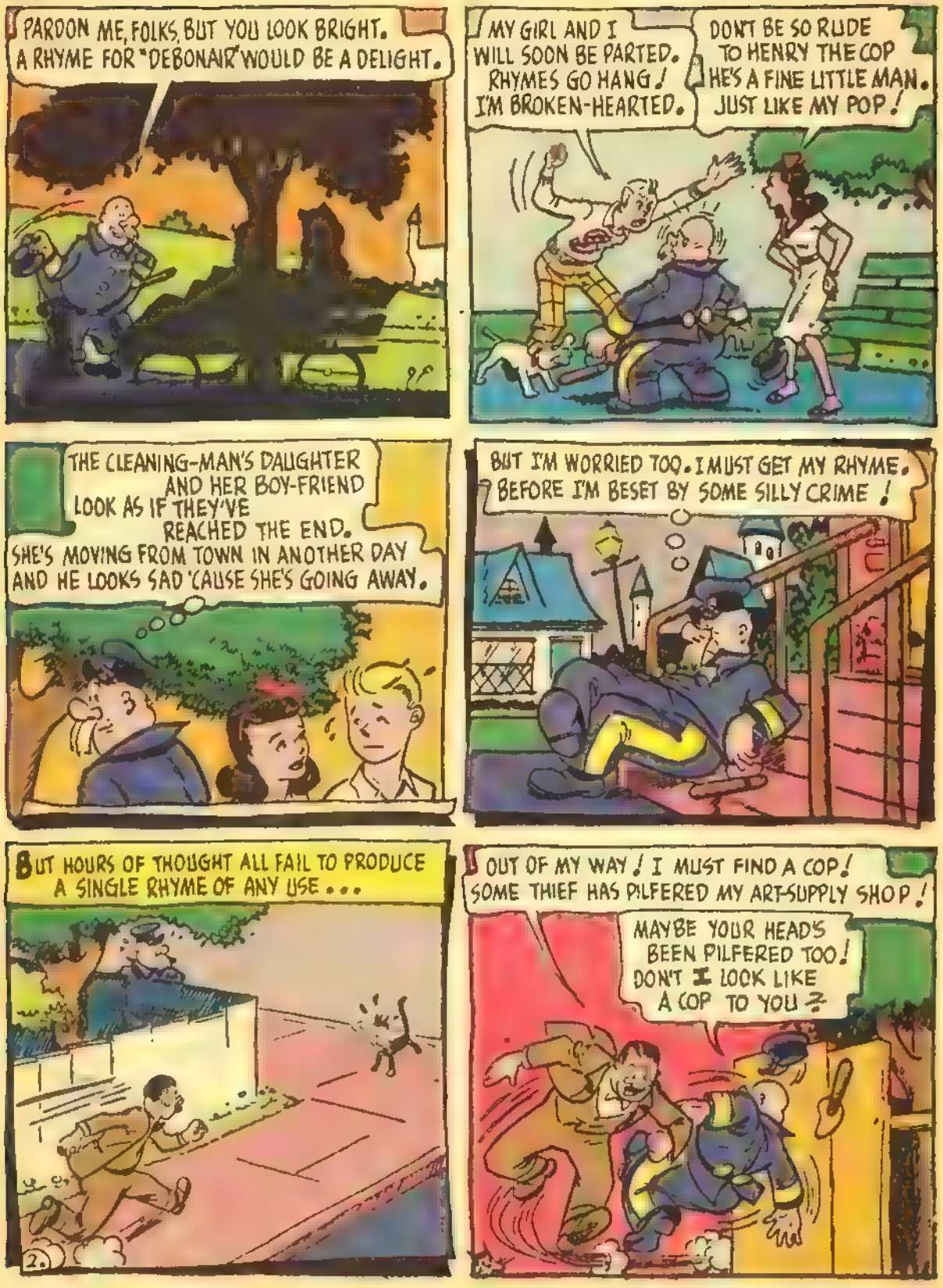
This button means

HONORABLY DISCHARGED *from the* ARMED FORCES.

RESPECT IT!

CHIEF HOT FOOT
BIG POW WOW OF CHIEFS --SIGN TREATY!
CHIEF HOT FOOT, NOW YOU SMOKE-UM PEACE PIPE!
NO THANKS - ME PREFER CIGARET!
Why Everybody Goes for FLEERS!
IT'S GUM AND CANDY, TOO!
O-OPS!
ICY WHITE, LIKE ME!
WAS THAT TRIP NECESSARY?
GUM IN ITS NICEST FORM
WHOOPS! I'M FALLING FOR FLEERS, TOO!
THAT EXTRA PEPPERMINT FLAVOR IS MIGHTY SWELL!
OH BOY- 12 PIECES FOR A NICKEL!
FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT
TWELVE PIECES

HAYFOOT HENRY
IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME EACH SPRING THAT YOUNG MEN'S FANCIES HAVE THEIR FLING, BUT WHAT TAKES PLACE WHILE LOVE'S IN BLOOM, AND HOW PILFERED PAINT MAKES A BUSINESS BOOM, AND GETS HENRY THE COP ON THE TRAIL OF A SPOT, IS TOLD IN THE TALE OF... THE RAINBOW PLOT!
ERNIE, PLEASE... DON'T LOOK SO SAD. I MUST GO ALONG. I CAN'T LEAVE DAD.
BUT WHY DOES HE HAVE TO MOVE FROM TOWN? IS BUSINESS BAD? IS HIS INCOME DOWN?
1.
TRUTH TO TELL, HE'S NOT DOING SO WELL.
I'LL SIGH AND STEW AND PINE FOR YOU.


PARDON ME, FOLKS, BUT YOU LOOK BRIGHT. A RHYME FOR "DEBONAIR" WOULD BE A DELIGHT.
MY GIRL AND I WILL SOON BE PARTED. RHYMES GO HANG! I'M BROKEN-HEARTED.
DON'T BE SO RUDE TO HENRY THE COP HE'S A FINE LITTLE MAN. JUST LIKE MY POP!
THE CLEANING-MAN'S DAUGHTER AND HER BOY-FRIEND LOOK AS IF THEY'VE REACHED THE END. SHE'S MOVING FROM TOWN IN ANOTHER DAY AND HE LOOKS SAD 'CAUSE SHE'S GOING AWAY.
BUT I'M WORRIED TOO. I MUST GET MY RHYME. BEFORE I'M BESET BY SOME SILLY CRIME!
BUT HOURS OF THOUGHT ALL FAIL TO PRODUCE A SINGLE RHYME OF ANY USE...
2.
OUT OF MY WAY! I MUST FIND A COP! SOME THIEF HAS PILFERED MY ART-SUPPLY SHOP!
MAYBE YOUR HEAD'S BEEN PILFERED TOO! DON'T I LOOK LIKE A COP TO YOU?

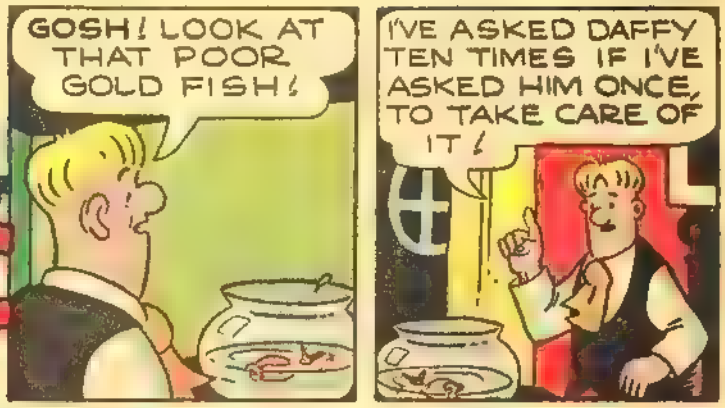
HENRY--IT'S YOU! FOR YOUR PARDON, I'M SUING. BUT IN MY GRIEF, CAN I TELL WHAT I'M DOING?
NEVER MIND RANTING ABOUT YOUR GRIEF. GIVE ME THE FACTS AND I'LL CATCH THE THIEF!
THE CASH HE IGNORED. THE SUPPLIES ARE INTACT, BUT LISTEN TO THIS STARTLING FACT-- THE THIEF STOLE ALL MY TUBES OF PAINT!
HM-- FOR PAINT HE'S GREEDY, FOR MONEY, HE, AIN'T!
ART SHOP
A PECULIAR CRIME AND A RHYME SO TOUGH! MY BRAIN, ALAS, HAS HAD ENOUGH! A RHYME FOR "DEBONAIR" WOULD SET ME FREE TO DEPRIVE THIS THIEF OF HIS LIBERTY!
MY BUSINESS IS PAINT AND BRUSHES AND COLOR! BUT AS FOR RHYME, I FIND NOTHING DULLER!
YOU'RE PAID FOR ENDING CRIMES, NOT STRIVING OVER RHYMES!
OKAY, OKAY, I'M ON MY WAY!
ART SHOP
YES--SOLVING CRIME IS MY MAJOR GOAL. HUH--WHAT'S THIS? WET PAINT ON THE POLE? MY UNIFORM'S SMEARED! SOME'S ON MY NOSE! NO "WET PAINT" SIGN HERE TO PROTECT PEOPLE'S CLOTHES?
HIYA, HENRY--SO YOU'RE SMEARED TOO! I LEANED ON A HYDRANT ALL DAUBED WITH RED GOO!
LOOK AT MY SEAT! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL OCHRE! I SAT ON A BENCH PAINTED UP BY SOME JOKER!
30

LOOK WHATS HAPPENED TO MY BEAUTIFUL GOWN! WHO'S SMEARING PAINT ALL OVER TOWN?
WHOEVER DID IT MUST BE APPREHENDED! MY CLOTHES ARE SPOTTED! MY GIRL WILL BE OFFENDED!
WELL--I'M OFF TO THE CLEANER'S. IT'S ALL I CAN DO!
HEY--WAIT FOR ME. I'M HEADED THERE TOO!
THAT GIVES ME THE ANSWER! IT'S PERFECTLY LUCID! HOW COULD ANYONE FAIL TO DEDUCE IT?
A RAINBOW-HUED MOB OF MEN, WOMEN AND TOTS! ALL LINED UP TO GET RID OF THEIR SPOTS! THE OBVIOUS VILLAIN'S THE CLEANER AND DYER SEEKING TO MAKE HIS PROFITS SOAR HIGHER!
CLEANER AND DYER
WORK GUARANTEED
SPOTLESS CLOTHES ARE A SOCIAL NEED
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! I'VE RUN YOU DOWN! YOU CAN'T MAKE A PALETTE OUT OF THIS TOWN!
I DENY THE CHARGE! AS A COP YOU'RE A CAD!
HOW DARE YOU TRY TO ARREST MY DAD?
ALTHOUGH WITH THIS SUDDEN BOOM IN TRADE, MY MOVING CERTAINLY IS DELAYED, I DID PLAN TO LEAVE SOON--OR HAVE YOU FORGOT? WOULD I SCHEME TO BUILD TRADE HERE AND THEN LEAVE THIS SPOT?

I'M AFRAID I COMMITTED A BREACH OF TASTE, ACCUSING YOU IN SUCH AWFUL HASTE!
OH DADDY--YOU MEAN WE AREN'T LEAVING? THEN ERNIE CAN STOP HIS SILLY GRIEVING!
ERNIE! OF COURSE! IT'S HE--PLAIN AS DAY! HE DID IT SO HIS GIRL WOULDN'T MOVE FAR AWAY!
A MOMENT LATER, AT ERNIE'S HOME,
I'M GUILTY, HENRY, BUT LET'S MAKE A DEAL. I'LL PAY FOR THE DAMAGE, I'M NOT A HEEL. AND FOR "DEBONAIR" I'LL GIVE YOU THIS RHYME FROM A POEM I WROTE BEFORE TURNING TO CRIME.
I CAN'T BE BRIBED, BUT I UNDERSTAND LOVE. MEAN THOUGH I LOOK, I'M MILD AS A DOVE. JUST SLIP ME THE RHYME. THE JUDGE IS KIND-HEARTED. HE'LL SURELY SEE THAT FROM CRIME YOU'VE BEEN PARTED.
"MY LADY FAIR WITH EBON HAIR, MAKES ME FEEL GAY AND DEBONAIR."
IT MUST BE CONFESSED, NO CRITIC OF VERSE HAS EVER LISTENED TO ANYTHING WORSE.
STILL-IF LOVE MAKES YOUTH FOOLISH AND SOMETIMES BLIND, THAT'S NO REASON WHY OLDER FOLKS CAN'T BE KIND. AND ALTHOUGH IT'S NOT CLASSY, I'LL ADMIT "EBON HAIR" IN A WAY DOES RHYME WITH "DEBONAIR."
THE END

YA CAN'T WIN!
Nat HOLMAN
IN 27 YEARS COACHING AT CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK, HOLMAN TEAMS HAVE WON 294 GAMES
"GENERALLY ACKNOWLEDGED THE GREATEST PLAYER AND COACH IN THE HISTORY OF BASKETBALL," SAYS THE NEW YORK POST
SURE, AN' HE'S A GREAT BOY
KEE-RECT!
HOLMAN CAPTAINED THE NEW YORK CELTICS – KNOWN AS THE GREATEST BASKETBALL TEAM OF ALL TIME. LATER STARRED WITH THE CHICAGO BRUINS
ON RETIREMENT AS PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASKETBALL COACHES, HOLMAN WAS AWARDED A TROPHY AS THE MAN HAVING DONE MOST FOR THE GAME
IT'S FULL OF WHEATIES, TOO
SWELL EATING!
"A BIG BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES – 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' – WITH MILK AND FRUIT GIVES YOU VALUABLE NOURISHMENT," SAYS CHAMPION NAT HOLMAN. "AND WHEATIES TASTE GOOD, TOO! THAT 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' IS A REAL ATHLETE'S DISH"
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
GET YOUR COPY
LEARN HOW TO PLAY CHAMPION BASKETBALL IN WHEATIES NEW BOOK "WANT TO BE A BASKET-BALL CHAMPION?" SEE YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY... AND LEARN ABOUT 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS
"Wheaties" and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

DAFFY-DOODLE



DAFFY, DID YOU GIVE OUR NEW GOLD FISH SOME FRESH WATER TODAY?
NOPE! BECAUSE HE DIDN'T FINISH THE WATER I GAVE HIM YESTERDAY!
!
GLUB! BLUB--
DOPE!

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS WHY THE SARGASSO SEA, A PATCH OF OCEAN IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, IS ENTIRELY COVERED WITH SEAWEED! ITS EXISTENCE WAS FIRST REPORTED BY COLUMBUS.

THIS STUFF ALWAYS GETS IN MY HAIR!

EVERYONE KNOWS HOW DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS TASTE —AND HOW FAST THEY RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!

THEY'RE JUST LIKE CANDY!

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢

TRADE MARK

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
A MAGICIAN'S TOP HAT IS MORE THAN JUST A FAIR-AND-FOUL WEATHER SHIELD FOR HIS SKULL. IT'S AN IMPORTANT PROP THAT HELPS MAKE HIS MAGIC POSSIBLE... AND WITH ZATARA, IT'S SO MUCH A PART OF HIM THAT HE'S NEVER WITHOUT IT. SO WHEN SOME MIS-GUIDED MISCREANTS TRY TO TROT OFF WITH ZATARA'S TOPPER, THE BAREHEADED MAGICIAN CATCHES THEM BAREHANDED, AND GIVES THEM THE REAL...
"LOWDOWN ON A HIGH HAT!"
IN THE GREEN DERBY, ZATARA PERFORMS SOME UNUSUAL FEATS OF NIGHT CLUB MAGIC...
HEY, I'M ONLY A LITTLE ONE BETTER THROW ME BACK.
HA, HA!
AFTER THE PERFORMANCE...
NOW I WANT TO BE ONE OF THE GUESTS AND ENJOY MYSELF.. I'D LIKE TO CHECK THIS, PLEASE
WITH PLEASURE, ZATARA.

BUT AMONG THE GUESTS HAVE BEEN TWO GENTLEMEN WITH TAKING WAYS. AND AS ZATARA SEEKS A TABLE...
SAY, BOWLER, ZATARA CAN SURE PULL PLENTY OUT OF THAT HAT OF HIS.
YES, BY JOVE, AND I DON'T THINK IT'S MAGIC EITHER. IF WE COULD ONLY SECURE IT, WE COULD DO SOME LUCRATIVE TRICKS OURSELVES.
HERE'S OUR CHANCE... THE GIRL ISN'T WATCHING...
NEAT WORK, WILLIAM... NOW TO FIND OUT ZATARA'S SECRETS...
UNEXPECTEDLY...
SAY, THAT'S MY HAT YOU HAVE THERE.
EH? MY WORD, SO IT IS! SORRY, ZATARA, THE GIRL MADE A MISTAKE.
MISTAKE? NOT VERY LIKELY... THE GIRL KNOWS ME TOO WELL. LUCKY I HAPPENED TO PASS BY.
BUT THE FRUSTRATED FELONS HAVEN'T GIVEN UP YET!
THE OLD BOY WAS MORE WATCHFUL THAN I THOUGHT HE'D BE. BUT WE MAY HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE LATER... WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON ZATARA.
AND SO, AS HE LEAVES, ZATARA HAS UNSUSPECTED COMPANY...
IT'S RATHER WINDY... IN FACT, THE WIND IS TUGGING AT MY OWN BOWLER, SO...
2

OH OH, MY HAT... STOP IT, SOME ONE!
WHAT?
MY WORD, I CAUGHT IT JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!
BUT YOU STOPPED ME FROM GETTING MINE!
DON'T WORRY, ZATARA... I'VE GOT IT.
HEY, LAY OFF THAT TOPPER!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT FOR ZATARA.
HMM... HE'S AWFULLY ANXIOUS TO HELP!
OOOFFF!
NO WONDER—HE'S TRYING TO STEAL IT! WELL, I'LL SOON STOP THAT!
EZNORB EUTATS, TEG TAH KCAB!*
*READ ZATARA'S WORDS BACKWARDS
FORSOOTH, VILLAIN, IF THOU RELEASE NOT THY BOOTY, I WILL CLEAVE THEE IN TWAIN!
YIII... THE STATUE FROM THE NIGHT CLUB'S AFTER ME! I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
3

AND AS THE TERRIFIED HATNAPPER FLEES...
HERE YOU ARE, ZATARA.
THANKS. THAT'S THE SECOND TIME TONIGHT I ALMOST LOST THIS HAT.
NOTICE HOW GRIMLY ZATARA CLINGS TO HIS TOPPER, OLD CHAP? IT MUST BE EVEN MORE VALUABLE THAN WE SUPPOSED! WE SIMPLY MUST GET IT!
SURE, BUT WE GOTTA GET LOTS OF HELP!
AND SO ZATARA ALMOST HAS SOME QUEER MISHAPS...
WHEW, THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! BUT A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE!
COULDN'T KNOCK ZATARA OUT... GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO FISHIN' FOR HIS HAT.
A HORSE-SHOE! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY.
MISSED!
THAT'S STRANGE...THAT HOOK FELL, WITH NO ONE NEAR IT. THESE NEAR-ACCIDENTS ARE GETTING MORE AND MORE MYSTERIOUS.
EVERYTHING STARTED AT THE GREEN DERBY. I WONDER IF THE EXPLANATION FOR THESE STRANGE HAPPENINGS MIGHTN'T BE BACK THERE.
4

SO, A LITTLE LATER...
BOWLER, ZATARA'S HEADING BACK FOR THE GREEN DERBY.
FINE. THE PLACE IS CLOSED BY NOW. IT WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT SPOT TO AMBUSH ZATARA.
CLOSED FOR THE EVENING! I'VE RETURNED HERE FOR NOTHING.
THE GREEN DERBY
NOT FOR NOTHING, OLD CHAP... YOU'RE HERE TO HELP US.
REACH, ZATARA... AND DON'T TURN AROUND TO TRY ANY MAGIC, OR WE'LL SHOOT.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT ME FOR, BUT YOU'VE GOT ME!
HA! I CAN SEE THEIR REFLECTIONS IN THAT GLASS!
DNUORG, NEPO PU...
HEY, HE MUST SEE US SOMEHOW...
COME ON IN, BOYS... I'M GOING TO LET YOU FALL RIGHT THROUGH TO CHINA!
EEEHHH..!
BANG!
BANG!

BUT A STRAY BULLET TEARS THROUGH THE SUPPORTS OF THE SYMBOLIC GREEN DERBY OVERHEAD ...
AND THE NEXT MOMENT...
LOOK... NOW HE REALLY CAN'T SEE A THING!
BY JOVE, PERHAPS THAT WILL STOP HIS MAGIC!
IT DID! THE GROUND CLOSED UP!
AND WE CLOSE IN! FORWARD, ZATARA... WE'LL DISPOSE OF YOU AFTER WE CHAT ABOUT YOUR HAT.
BUT THE WILY WIZARD IS NOT IN COMPLETE BLINDNESS, AS HE STUMBLES FORWARD..
I CAN BARELY SEE THIS CAT, BUT THAT'S ENOUGH!
TAC, EB REGIT!
YIII...HE'S BROUGHT THE ZOO HERE!
MY WORD!
THANKS, PUSS, YOU'VE DONE YOUR JOB, SO YOU MAY SHRINK BACK TO NORMAL SIZE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM IN PERSON.

YOU BOYS HAVE GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE FOR THIS HAT, HERE IT IS. TAKE IT.
WHAT? YOU HAVEN'T BLOWN YOUR TOP, HAVE YOU, ZATARA?
NO, I'M JUST TREATING YOU AS YOU DESERVE. THE HAT'S YOURS. TELL IT WHAT YOU WANT.
OH, BOY...
I WANT SOME NEW CLOTHES...
AND I WAN'A NEW CAR, LIKE NONE OF THE OTHER GUYS GOT...
TAH, YEBO SEHSIW!
HERE ARE YOUR NEW CLOTHES... CONVICT UNIFORMS!
YIII... I DIDN'T MEAN THAT KIND!
AND HERE'S THE NEW CAR...
A PATROL WAGON!
POLICE PATROL
YES, IT'S A WONDERFUL HAT. A MAN CAN PULL OUT OF IT ANYTHING HE DESERVES... AND THAT PATROL WAGON IS WHAT CROOKS DESERVE.
POLICE PATROL
the END

DAISY *Play Guns Now* READY

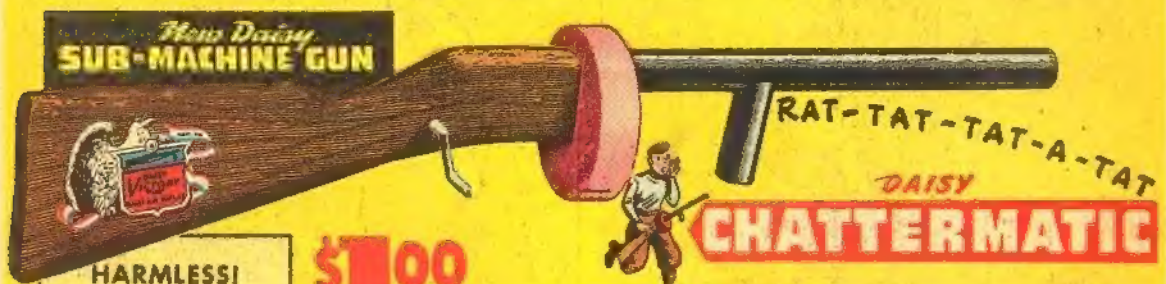
BANG BANG

$1.50 PLUS 10¢ POSTAGE
SORRY—NO CANADIAN SHIPMENTS

DAISY COMMANDO
Repeating PLAY GUN

Get this safe, new improved DAISY COMMANDO in your hands—slam that husky stock to your shoulder—grab the pump action and make her go "BANG! BANG! BANG!" (not an air rifle). Enjoy these big features: (1) Gun sling. (2) New, heavier, huskier barrel. (3) Loud "BANG!" every time you work the pump action. (4) Smooth, positive pump action. (5) Rear barrel DOUBLE-METAL-ANCHORED on stock. Red foregrip, gun-black barrel. Natural finish stock with VICTORY INSIGNIA. Enjoy this exciting harmless fun—get yours now! Ask the grown-ups in your family to send only $1.50 plus 10c postage-handling charge for your genuine Daisy Commando.

New Daisy SUB-MACHINE GUN



DAISY CHATTERMATIC

HARMLESS!

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

Attention PARENTS!

Both Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. These harmless guns give satisfying noise to children 4 to 11 years old. Superior DAISY quality, durability, craftsmanship. Order DIRECT today. (Prices subject to change without notice.)

$1.00 PLUS 10c POSTAGE
SORRY—NO CANADIAN SHIPMENTS

This new, improved DAISY CHATTERMATIC is America's most famous sub-machine play gun. (Not an air rifle.) Safe, thrilling fun. Shoots "NOISE"—and plenty of it! CHATTERMATIC has realistic handgrip, round machine-gun style magazine. Jet black barrel. Natural wood-finish stock, patriotic VICTORY INSIGNIA. Turn firing crank . . . feel that easier, smoother "shooting action" . . . hear that exciting "Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat-Tat!" Sturdy, all-wood construction. It's the best—a DAISY! Ask your folks to mail only $1 plus 10c for postage-handling direct to Daisy now!

HOW TO ORDER

Order direct from Daisy. Send money order, check or cash, being sure to include amount requested for postage. Orders shipped promptly postpaid. Return for refund if not satisfied.

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—will be available after war—Bulls Eye Shot, too!

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ORDER NOW ON THIS COUPON!

The Supply Is Limited—Rush Your Order Now!
DAISY MFG. CO., 501 Union St., Dept. 5, Plymouth, Michigan

Send postpaid the Daisy Play Guns checked below for which I enclose price plus postage-handling charge.

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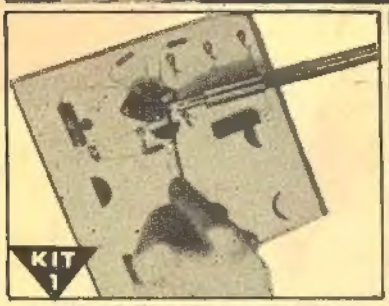
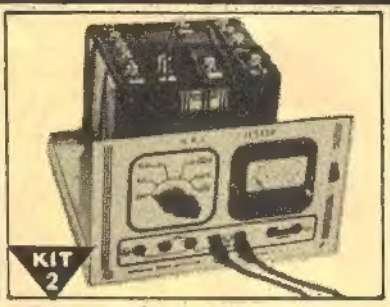
(Please PRINT Name, Address Plainly—use margin space if necessary)

I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

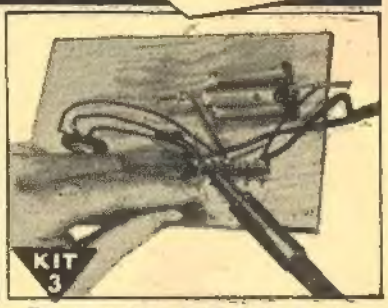
I Send You 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts



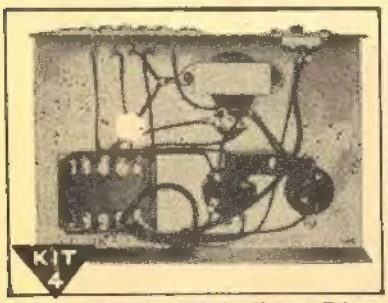
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



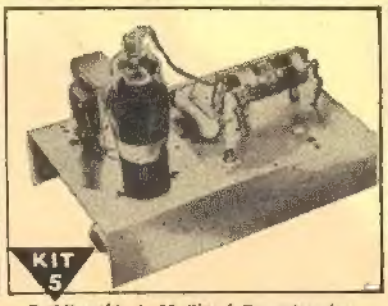
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



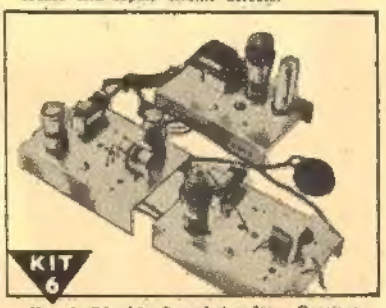
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

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